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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON.—Last six nights of the Season.—At 6.50, **REBECCA.** Messrs. J. Fernandez, W. Terriss, A. Glover, J. Johnstone, R. Dolman, A. C. Lilly Ford, H. Vaughan, H. Kemble, W. S. Parkes, E. Travers, &c.; Mesdames Genevieve Ward, Gainsborough, Page, Clara Jecks, &c. To conclude with the opening of the **Pantomime of ALADDIN**; or, **THE WONDERFUL LAMP**, terminating with the Transformation Scene. Prices from 6d. to 4s. 4d. Doors open at 6.30; Commence at 6.50. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily. Morning Performances of the Pantomime on Wednesday, and on Saturday, March 13, a variety of entertainments for the benefit of Mr. F. B. Chatterton. Doors open at 1.30; Commence at 2.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING,
 at 7, A WHIRLIGIG. At 7.45, **OUR BOYS**, by Henry J. Byron. Concluding with, the favourite Farce **A REGULAR FIX.** Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Warner, W. H. Stephens, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.—THIS EVENING, at 7, IN-TRIGUE. At 7.20, **OLD SAILORS:** Messrs. Terry, Vernon, Cox, Grahame, Stephenson; Mesdames Ada Swanborough, M. Terry, and Raymond. At 9.15, **LOO**, AND **THE PARTY WHO TOOK MISS:** Messrs. Terry, Marius, and Cox; Mesdames Claude, Venne, Jones, &c.

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent-circus, Piccadilly.
 Sole Proprietors and responsible Managers, SPIERS and FOX.—Every Evening, at 8, **LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS** new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. Principal Artists, Mesdames Pauline Rita, Camille Dubois, Lilian Adair, Florence Hunter, Emily Thorne; Messrs. A. Brenner, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, Loredan, and Perrini. Directress, Mrs. W. H. Liston. Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus. The Opera commences at 8 and terminates at 11. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Miss LITTON has the honour to announce that the above Theatre will OPEN, under her management, **SATURDAY, MARCH 27**, on which occasion will be presented the enormously successful Comedy, **BRIGHTON**; after which (first time at this Theatre), the famous Burlesque, **CONRAD AND MEDORA**, in which Miss Henrietta Hodson will appear, assisted by Miss Millie Cook, Mr. E. W. Royce, Mr. Carlos Florentino, and the whole of the present Court Company. Further particulars will be duly announced.—Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. SHEPHERD.—English Opera a Blaze of Triumph. Mr. Nordblom as Thaddeus and Don Cesar, Mr. Frank Celli as Arnheim and Don Jose, Miss Rose Hersee as Maritana.—On **SATURDAY, MARCH 6**, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Wallace's Opera of **MARITANA.** On Monday and Friday the Opera of **THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.** Preceded on Monday, the 8th, and Every Evening, by a new Farce, entitled **JESSAMY'S COURTSHIP.**

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.—Manager, Mr. JOHN BAUM.—Immense Success of Offenbach's Grand Opera-Bouffe, **WHITTINGTON.** Written by H. B. Farnie. Mesdames Kate Santley, Lennox Grey, Grace Armytage, and Julia Mathews; Messrs. H. Paulton, J. Rouse, W. M. Terrott, W. Worboys, and C. Heywood.

ALHAMBRA.—The GRAND BARBARIC BALLET, the Wonder of London.—Milles, Pitteri, Pertoldi, Sidonie, and M. Dewinne. The magnificent Dresses and Costumes designed by A. Thompson, Esq. The increased Orchestra, conducted by Mons. G. Jacobi. Prices from 6d. to £2 2s. Box-office open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m. Doors open at 6.45; commence at 7.15. On Monday, March 22, Farewell Benefit of Mr. John Baum.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE (late Astley's).—Great Attraction.—The Circus, Drama, and Pantomime. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, commencing at 2; Evenings at 7. Scenes in the Arena.—**TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK.** Concluding with the Great Pantomime. Prices from 6d. to £5 5s.

NOTICE.—The TWO-HEADED NIGHTINGALE, on her arrival from Berlin, will appear at **SANGER'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE**, for the BENEFIT of the PROPRIETORS, on **SATURDAY and MONDAY, MARCH 6 and 8**, at 2 and 7 o'clock.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street,
 Oxford-circus.—**GRAND SPECIAL PROGRAMME.**—New Scenes, New Engagements.—Professor G. Vidal, from the Circo del Rey, Lisbon, in the High School of the Ménage (his first appearance in England); the celebrated French Female Artistes, Nathalie, Leontine, and Blanche; the great Trial of Skill in Leaping, including Wooda Cook, the celebrated Double Somersault Thrower and Daring Horseman; W. Randal in his dashing acts on a barebacked steed; Madame Felix and her Canine Wonders; the Lorne Lancers on eighty highly-trained horses; and the funniest Clowns extant, headed by Little Sandy, the drollest of the droll. **MORNING PERFORMANCES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY** at 2.30 Children under Ten, half price. Prices, 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.; Private Boxes, £1 10s. Box-office open at the Cirque from 10 to 4. Doors open every evening at 7. The present season terminates on Saturday, March 20.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.
 Complete success of the Court Theatre Company, with the celebrated Comedy, **BRIGHTON**—the original Artists in their original characters, Miss Litton, Mr. W. J. Hill, and Mr. Charles Wyndham. To conclude with **ON STRIKE.** Every Evening at 7.

GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST.—"Good wine needs no bush."—THIS EVENING, at 7, to commence with the Grand Pantomime of **SNIP, SNAP, SNORUM**; or, **HARLEQUIN BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.** Mr. George Conquest (who will introduce his wonderful phantom flight), assisted by George Conquest, jun., Messrs. Campbell, A. Williams, Grant, Osmond, Inch; Misses Delamonte, Cooke, Lizzie Conquest, Victor, Denvil Inch, and Laura and Ada Conquest, and the Corps de Ballet. To conclude with **THE BLIND SISTER.**—Private Boxes can be booked at all the Libraries. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Last Six Nights of the Grand Pantomime.—Every Evening, at 7.45, THE BLACK STAG; or, THE MAGIC APPLE-TREE: Mrs. S. LANE and Mr. G. H. MACDERMOTT; Messrs. Bell, Bigwood, Lewis, Holland; Mlles. Summers, Randall, Rayner. The Great **LUPINO TROUPE**, with **JUVENILE HARLEQUINADE.** Preceded by, at 6.45, **THE MORTGAGE DEEDS:** Miss B. Adams, Miss M. Bellair; Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Newbound, &c.

MRS. MARY GLADSTONE will make her First Appearance on the London Stage, **EASTER MONDAY**, in the character of **ROSE MICHEL.**—The English Copyright of this Piece has been secured by Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD and Mrs. MARY GLADSTONE, and any persons infringing this right will be immediately proceeded against according to law.

OPERA-BOUFFE.—Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing Business will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OYLEY CARTE'S Office. Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—**OPERA AND CONCERT AGENCY, 20, Charing-cross.**

MR. F. K. BELLEW, the New Baritone, pupil of Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will shortly make his FIRST APPEARANCE in **OPERA-BOUFFE** in London.

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ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—OPEN DAILY (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. Among the most recent additions is a young Australian Cassowary, from Queensland, presented by the Marquess of Normanby; and a Cock of the Rock.

THE FANCY-DRESS POLO and UNITED COUNTIES HUNT BALL will take place in the **BRIGHTON PAVILION, on EASTER TUESDAY, MARCH 30.** Particulars forwarded on receipt of directed envelope, by the SECRETARY of the INTERNATIONAL GUN and POLO CLUB, Bedford Hotel, Brighton.

BARRY SULLIVAN'S FAREWELL of England, Scotland, and Ireland, previous to his return visit to America. **THEATRE ROYAL, SHEFFIELD, MONDAY, MARCH 8**, for **TWELVE** Nights.
 Manchester. Birmingham.
 Hanley. Liverpool.
 &c., to follow.
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MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS of LADY JANE GREY, the Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Dr. Keeney, the Claimant, the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens. Admission, 1s.; Children under twelve, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

S. T. JAMES'S HALL.
 The New and Extraordinary Successful Programme of the **MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS** will be continued
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 MR. HUGH DOUGHERTY,

the American Humourist and Comedian, will appear, in addition to the great and powerful Company of Forty Performers. The whole of the new and charming Ballads have been pronounced by the leading journals of the metropolis to be the best and most successful that have been produced for a very considerable period.
 Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.
 Juveniles under Twelve half price to Area and Stalls.
 No fees; no charge for Programmes. Ladies can retain their bonnets in all parts of the Hall. Tickets and places at Austin's office, from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN HALL,
 Piccadilly.—**DAILY**, at 3 and 8. Admission, from 5s. to 1s.—By **ROYAL COMMAND**, Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOKE gave their marvellous ENTERTAINMENT at SANDRINGHAM, on Jan. 11, before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and a large party of distinguished guests.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—PSYCHO, the Greatest Wonder of 1875 and the latest **EGYPTIAN HALL MYSTERY**, is attracting the elite of London. Psycho, a small mechanical figure only 22 in. high, plays a Game of Whist, and performs a series of conjuring tricks without the aid of confederates or the assistance of Mr. Maskelyne.

DR. LYNN, as a humourist (says the "Times"), used to compete on equal terms with Artemus Ward, and his performance is the most wonderful and amusing that ever composed an evening's entertainment.

DR. LYNN.—Well may the public also ask, What will Dr. Lynn do next? and an answer to the inquiry will be found below. The "Daily Telegraph" says the entertainment throughout has never been equalled, and that legerdemain and laughter have never been linked together in such happy combination.

DR. LYNN.—The "Standard" says it is impossible to withhold the homage of admiration from Dr. Lynn's achievements, and that the discourse which accompanies Dr. Lynn's marvellous doings is an amusing performance in itself. What more can be said or written about the great original performer of ancient and modern mysteries?

DR. LYNN.—PALENGENESIA.—"Nothing has been seen in the metropolis that will bear comparison with Dr. Lynn's achievements."—Morning Post.

DR. LYNN.—THIS AFTERNOON, at 3, and **THIS EVENING**, at 8; every lawful day throughout the year, at 3 and 8.—**EGYPTIAN LARGE HALL.** No fees; no charge for programme.

COL. CORDOVA'S NEW DRAWING-ROOMS,
 Tichborne-street, Piccadilly-circus (nearly opposite the Criterion), **NOW OPEN.** Box-office open from 10 to 4. Reserved Stalls, 5s. and 1s. Admission, 2s. and 1s. Commence at 8; Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, at 3 and 8.

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The Engagements of George Leybourne, Clarence Holt, Henri Clark, Fred Foster, Harvey and Connelley, Fred Albert, E. A. Hart, Pearson (Saxx Dwarf), Algar's Monstrous Troupe, the Banvards, Minnie Rogers, Elspa and Sillo, Rogers and Leslie, Coyne, Harman and Elston, Milburn, The Raddalls, Kate Bella, Sisters Lindon, Fox and Laura Sedgwick, Clara Fay's Fairy Troupe, The Quakers, The Richardsons, The Italian Choir, Tom Lucette, Prof. Beaumont, Stella de Vere, Seward Brothers, Matthews Family, Bryant's Marionettes, Edgar Wilson, Laura Fay, Estelle Troupe, Sybil Ray, Bessie Bonehill, Louie Rosalie, Misses Creswick and Vezin, Annie Wildey, Elsie Vibart, Little Lizzie Cootie, Saphrini, Sidney Stevens, Dick Geldard, Harry Dales, Maude Beverley, Lizzie Barrett, Fred Roberts, Storelli, Albert West, Flora Plimoli, Celia Dashwood, Mdlle. Esther Austin's Great Troupe, Nelly Estelle and Milly Howes, Coupier, Quilter and Goldrick, The Guidas and Neviers Skaters, Harvey Trio, De Voy, Le Clerq, and Hearne, Sam Torr, Mons. Bonvini and Mdlle. Lanzani, and fifty other favourites, are made by this Agency.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for Week ending MARCH 13, 1875.
SATURDAY, MARCH 6.—Sterndale Bennett Memorial Concert. Billiard Match.—J. Bennett and S. W. Stanley.
MONDAY, MARCH 8.—Special Orchestral Programme.
TUESDAY, MARCH 9.—Shakspeare's ROMEO AND JULIET: Messrs. C. Warner (by permission of Mr. David James), Roberts (by permission of Mr. J. Hollingshead), C. Wyndham (by permission of Miss Litton), E. F. Edgar (by permission of Mr. J. Hollingshead), C. Collette (by permission of Mr. S. B. Bancroft), W. Russell (by permission of Miss Litton), H. R. Teesdale (by permission of Mr. A. Henderson), H. Standing; Mrs. Eburne, Mrs. Power, and Miss Carlisle.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10.—Instrumental Concert.
THURSDAY, MARCH 11.—Shakspeare's MERCHANT OF VENICE. Mr. Creswick (by permission of Mr. J. Hollingshead), Messrs. W. Rignold (by permission of Mr. H. Neville), C. Wyndham (by permission of Miss Litton), H. Standing, &c.; Misses Genevieve Ward (by permission of Mr. F. B. Chatterton), Rachel Sanger (by permission of Mr. A. Henderson), and E. Duncan (by permission of Mr. A. Henderson).
FRIDAY, MARCH 12.—Special Orchestral Programme.
SATURDAY, MARCH 13.—Concert.
 Monday to Friday, One Shilling. Saturday, Half a Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1875.

MRS. KENDAL (MISS MADGE ROBERTSON).

We gave in one of the early numbers of this Journal a biographical notice of this clever actress; and it is therefore unnecessary, in reference to the portrait which appears on our front page, to do more than remind the reader of several of the more prominent features of her theatrical career. Miss Madge Robertson made her first appearance in London at the Haymarket Theatre, which house was then under the management of the late Mr. Walter Montgomery. 'Ophelia' and 'Desdemona' were amongst the parts which she then played. She was then little more than seventeen years of age. In 1867 she appeared at Drury Lane, in Mr. Halliday's drama of *The Great City*. Subsequently, at the Haymarket, she created her first original part in a piece entitled *A Wife Well Won*; and was afterwards seen to distinguished advantage in *A Hero of Romance and New Men and Old Acres*. She was married to Mr. W. H. Grimston (Mr. Kendal) on Aug. 7, 1869. Mrs. Kendal's recent impersonations are well known. Her 'Rosalind' in *As You Like It* is, in some respects, a perfect realisation of the part; and those admirers of what is understood as "legitimate acting" ought to make a point of visiting the Opera Comique. But, as this is scarcely the place for criticism, we must content ourselves with expressing a wish that Miss Madge Robertson—than whom there is not a brighter or more attractive actress in existence—may long be spared to the British stage. Our portrait is from a recent one, taken specially for the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS by Messrs. Fradelle and Marshall, 230, Regent-street.

The Drama.

FRIDAY, Feb. 26, 1875, will henceforth be memorable in dramatic annals as marking an event unparalleled on the stage—viz., the one hundredth consecutive representation of *Hamlet* which took place at the Lyceum Theatre on the evening of that day, when the audience were as numerous and enthusiastic in their applause as on the occasion of the first representation of this revival in October last. The interest created by Mr. Irving's perfectly original impersonation of the Danish Prince has so little diminished that there is every likelihood of the representations being continued to the end of the season. This reaction in the taste of the public for the higher order of drama is still further indicated—that Shakspeare is also represented at the present time at three other theatres, the specialties of two of which had hitherto been burlesques and opéra-bouffes, and of the third equestrian performances—viz., *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Gaiety, *As You Like It* at the Opera Comique, and *The Merchant of Venice* at the Holborn Amphitheatre; while the last-named play is shortly to be produced at the Prince of Wales's, the dainty home of late years exclusively of comedy.

Although the programmes of several of the theatres have undergone changes during the week, there has been no novelty, nor can much be looked for before Easter, with the exception of Mr. Coghlan's new comedy, *Lady Flora*, with which Mr. Hare inaugurates his managerial régime at the Court next Saturday.

At the Gaiety *matinée*, last Saturday, Sheridan's *School for Scandal* was represented, and most excellently, as might have been expected from the unusual strong cast, including Mr. Phelps, as 'Sir Peter Teazle,' one of his best comedy assumptions; Mr. Kendal as 'Charles Surface,' Mr. Hermann Vezin as 'Joseph Surface,' Mr. Maclean 'Sir Oliver,' Mr. Taylor 'Crabtree,' Mr. E. Righton as 'Moses,' Mrs. Kendal as 'Lady Teazle,' Mrs. Leigh as 'Mrs. Candour,' Miss Helen Douglas as 'Lady Sneerwell,' and Miss Marion West as 'Maria.' The last day performance of the pantomime was given at Drury Lane, where Mr. Chatterton closes his dramatic season next Saturday; and the usual afternoon performances took place of *Our American Cousin* at the Haymarket and *Blue Beard* at the Globe. In the evening the majority of the changes already alluded to took place.

At the Holborn Amphitheatre *The Bridal*, Sheridan Knowles's altered version of Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Maid's Tragedy*, after a brief and not very successful career, has given place to *The Merchant of Venice*, with Mr. Creswick as 'Shylock,' Miss Leighton as 'Portia,' Mr. Edgar as 'Antonio,' Mr. Pennington as 'Bassanio,' Mr. Forrester as 'Gratiano,' Mr. Garthorne as 'Lorenzo,' and Mr. Hall as 'Launcelot Gobbo.'

Mr. Chatterton having terminated his season at the Princess's on Friday evening, Mr. Byron's drama of *The Lancashire Lass* was transferred, on Saturday night, to the Adelphi, where it has continued to be represented in conjunction with Mr. Watts Phillips's *Lost in London*, the cast in both pieces being the same as at the Princess's, and including Messrs. Emery, Belmore, Howard, Shore, and Dewar; and Miss Lydia Foot, Miss Hudspeth, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon.

At the Surrey, Mr. Holland has replaced the pantomime by a revival of Boucicault's Irish drama of *Arrah-na-Pogue*, which had such a successful run when first produced at the Princess's a few years ago, with Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault as 'Shaun the Post' and 'Arrah,' Miss M. Oliver as 'Fanny Power,' Mr. Dominick Murray as 'Michael Feeny,' Mr. John Prougham as 'Colonel O'Grady,' and Mr. Vandenhoff as 'Beamish McCoul.' The drama is very well mounted, the scenery and accessories being very characteristic and effective. The characters are well sustained throughout, especially 'Shaun the Post' by Mr. H. Forrester; 'Colonel O'Grady,' by Mr. Frederick Shepherd; the scoundrel 'Feeny,' by Mr. Henry Nicholls; and the

heroine, 'Arrah,' by Miss Marie Henderson (who made her first appearance at this theatre).

At the Royalty, Offenbach's opéra-bouffe *La Perichole*, still deservedly attractive from the admirable singing and acting of Madame Selina Dolaro and Messrs. Fisher, Norton, and Sullivan, is now preceded by the merry farce of *A Good Night's Rest* and a piece of whimsicality now styled *Cryptocochloidsymphonoma*, but which bore the more intelligible title of *While It's to be Had* when it was produced at the Holborn Theatre, in December, at Mr. Herbert's performance for the benefit of the Soldiers' Daughters Home, and in its subsequent repetitions at *matinées* at the Vaudeville—the success of which, and the versatility and cleverness displayed by Mr. Collette in rattling so merrily through the principal part, we recorded at the time. Mr. Collette again represents the hero, Plantagenet Smith, and is highly diverting with his facile delivery of his patter songs and his humorous imitations. Miss Linda Verner now sustains the part of the grocer's daughter, represented by Miss Kate Phillips at the Vaudeville.

At the Marylebone, Mr. J. A. Cave brought out, on Saturday evening, by permission of Mr. H. Neville, the drama of *The Two Orphans*, which is still running its successful career at the Olympic. Mr. Cave has put this elaborate drama on the stage in a remarkably complete and effective style; and, to secure an efficient cast, has strengthened his company by several special engagements. A detailed notice of Mr. Cave's successful achievement appears in another column, as well as a notice of the Philharmonic, where Wallace's opera of *Maritana* replaced *The Bohemian Girl* on Saturday evening, and in which Miss Rose Hersee appeared in the title rôle.

Miss Litton terminated her season and occupancy of the Court Theatre on Saturday evening, when she repeated her impersonation of 'Nan,' in *Good for Nothing*, which she had successfully essayed the previous evening, on the occasion of her farewell benefit. Miss Litton migrated, with her entire company, on Monday, to the Standard Theatre, to fulfil an engagement for the three weeks which intervene before she opens the St. James's Theatre. Mr. F. Marshall's *Brighton* and *Peacock's Holiday*, both with the Court cast, have been represented during the week at the Standard, and afford unmistakable delight to the orientals.

The new series of representations of English plays at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, are again successful. Lord Lytton's *Money* was repeated on Tuesday, and on Thursday Mr. J. Mortimer's English adaptation of Beaumarchais's *Mariage de Figaro*, under the title of *School for Intrigue*, was the play selected for representation.

The morning performances for to-day are *Our American Cousin* at the Haymarket, *Blue Beard* at the Globe, and *The Lady of Lyons*, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, at the Gaiety, being the last of these *matinées* at which these favourite artistes can appear, as their engagement with Mr. Hollingshead terminates on Friday, and they appear at the Court on Saturday next. *As You Like It* will be withdrawn from the bills of the Opéra Comique to-night, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will appear for the remaining five nights of their engagement.

The St. James's, under Miss Litton's management, will open auspiciously, on Easter Monday, with a new version of William Brough's burlesque, *Conrad and Medora*, the libretto rearranged and new songs introduced by Mr. Henry S. Leigh. The cast, in addition to the well-known and efficient members of Miss Litton's company, will include Miss Henrietta Hodson, Miss Milly Cook, Mr. Royce, and Mr. Carlos Florentine, the new American baritone. The scenery and dresses will be executed with unusual care and completeness, from designs provided by Val. W. Brownley and Wallis Mackay.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.

HAVING produced one of the best pantomimes of the season in *Little Boy Blue*, and treated his patrons, after its withdrawal, with an archaeological curiosity in a revival for a few nights of Grimaldi's celebrated pantomime of *Mother Goose*, Mr. J. A. Cave, following up the managerial discrimination and tact which has enabled him to resuscitate and successfully conduct the Marylebone Theatre for so many years, produced on Saturday evening, by special arrangement with Mr. Henry Neville, the great Olympic drama of *The Two Orphans*. To secure an efficient cast, Mr. Cave has strengthened his company by several special engagements, including Mr. Charles Sennett—formerly a great favourite at this house, and who made his first appearance here these four years—as the cripple brother, 'Pierre'; Mr. Frank Huntley, of the Olympic Theatre, who represented with effective realism the brutality and coarseness of the bully 'Jacques'; Miss E. Rainbow, late of the Queen's, who lent useful aid in the secondary part of 'Marianne'; and Miss Kate Neville, late of this theatre, who in make-up, gait, and general bearing very artistically represented the cruel old wretch, 'La Frochard.' The important parts of the two orphans are ably sustained—the poor blind girl, 'Louise,' with great pathos and delicacy by Miss Grace Temple, and 'Henriette,' with the requisite and unexaggerated tragic force by Miss Annie Travers. Mrs. C. A. Clarke was dignified and displayed due tenderness and intensity of emotion as the 'Countess de Linieres.' Messrs. H. S. Granville and C. A. Clarke commendably represented the 'Count de Linieres' and 'Armand, Chevalier de Vindray.' The valet, 'Picard,' was personated with somewhat conventional humour by Mr. George Skinner; and Messrs. J. G. Rainbow and M. Comestford showed cleverness and versatility in respectively "doubling two characters." The former representing the 'Marquis de Presles' in the second act and the genial 'Doctor' throughout the remainder of the piece, and the latter the small parts of 'La Fleur' and 'Marais.' The play is admirably put on the stage, some of Mr. Charles Gramani's new scenery being remarkably good, especially the elaborate sets of the Pavillon du Bel Air, where Henriette is spirited by the orders of the profligate 'Marquis de Presles,' and the exterior of the church scene; and the whole representation was thoroughly effective and complete, indeed remarkably so for the first night of so elaborate a drama. The numerous and exciting incidents of the story were followed with absorbed interest by a crowded audience that filled every available space in the house, and who testified their admiration by continuous and enthusiastic applause. Mr. Cave may congratulate himself on scoring another great success. *The Two Orphans* is followed by the Irish drama, entitled *Ireland as it Was*.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Morton, Miss Knollys, General Sir William Knollys, Colonel Teesdale, and Dr. Holtzman, honoured the Lyceum Theatre with her presence on Monday evening.

MISS NELLY POWER will appear at the Surrey Theatre, for one night only, on the occasion of Mr. Frank Green's benefit, next Thursday evening. The programme, a remarkably heavy one, will include selections from Mr. Green's pantomime of *Jack and the Beanstalk* this year's pantomime at the Surrey, and last year's at the Brighton. In addition a scene from *Robert Macaire* and *Arrah na Pogue* will be given, and a new piece entitled *Crusoe the Second*.

A NEW COMIC OPERA, by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, music by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, is in preparation at the Royalty.

A GRAND OPERATIC FESTIVAL will take place at the Opera Comique, next Saturday evening, on the occasion of the first annual benefit of Mr. Richard Temple, principal baritone of the Crystal Palace Operas and of the St. James's, Gaiety, and Opera Comique Theatres. The programme will consist of acts from the following operas:—*Maritana*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Il Trovatore* (miserere scene), &c., and a short ballad concert, supported by the following artists:—Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Pattie Laverne, Mdle. E. Telma (her first appearance in London), Miss Constance Loseby, Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Annie Goodall, Miss Lucy Franklin, Miss Palmer, Mr. George Perren, Mr. E. Cotte, Mr. H. Walsham (the new tenor), Mr. Wallace Wells, Mr. Henry Nordblom, Mr. Aynsley Cook, Mr. Richard Temple, Mr. E. Rosenthal, and Mr. George Fox.

Mr. J. S. CLARKE will most likely sustain the part of 'Squeers' in *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Adelphi at Easter.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by a numerous suite, honoured this theatre with their presence on Monday evening.

AT THE GAITY *matinée* to-day *The Lady of Lyons* will be represented, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as 'Claude Melnotte' and 'Pauline.' This will be the last *matinée* at which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal can appear, as they terminate their engagement with Mr. Hollingshead next Friday.

MM. MEILHAC AND HALEVY have nearly finished, for the Vaudeville, a piece in five acts, bearing the title of *Le Parisien Perverti*.

MR. GYE will open Covent Garden in the last week this month, and Mr. Mapleson Drury Lane shortly after Easter. Amongst the interesting *débuts* of the year will be that of Mdle. Thalberg, the daughter of the pianist and composer, at Covent Garden.

ANOTHER NEW THEATRE FOR EDINBURGH.—We hear that steps are being taken for the conversion of large premises in George-street for a new theatre. It is proposed to be called the Gaiety, and will be in the same style as the theatres of that name in London, Dublin, and Glasgow.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

MADAME ALBANT arrived at Liverpool from New York on Monday last.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE reopens on Thursday next, under the management of Mr. M. L. Mayer, with *Round the World in Eighty Days*, an English version of the Porte St. Martin drama, *Le Tour du Monde en 80 Jours*.

MISS WALLIS has achieved a fresh success at Belfast, and subsequently at Edinburgh, by her picturesque and poetical rendering of the title rôle in a new drama by Colonel Alfred B. Richards, entitled *Norma*, and founded on the same story as Bellini's well-known opera.

A NEW DRAMA entitled *From Sundown to Dawn; or, London Thirty Years Ago*, by Mr. James Mortimer, was produced for the first time by Mr. Nye Chart at the Brighton Theatre on Monday evening, and met with the fullest success.

MISS LITTON, who with her Court company is now fulfilling a three weeks' engagement at the Standard, opens the St. James's Theatre on Saturday, the 27th inst., when Mr. F. Marshall's lively comedy, *Brighton*, with the Court cast, will continue to be represented, to be followed by a revival of the famous burlesque, *Conrad and Medora*, in which Miss Henrietta Hodson will appear, in conjunction with Miss Millie Cook and the whole of the Court company.

THE PROGRAMME arranged for the benefit of Mr. E. P. Hingston at Drury-Lane on Thursday morning, the 18th inst., is very full and attractive, comprising as it does selections from the leading dramatic successes of the day, including the second act of *Our Boys*, by the Vaudeville company; a scene from *Blue Beard*, by the Globe company; a selection from *Loo*, by the Strand company; the fifth act of *Two Orphans*, by Mr. Neville's company; a scene from *The American Lady*, by Mrs. John Wood and Mr. H. J. Byron; and a selection from *Home*, by Mr. Sothorn and the Haymarket company. In addition to the foregoing, Miss Ada Cavendish and Mr. Boyne will appear in the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*; Miss Genevieve Ward will enact the sleep-walking scene from *Macbeth*. Entertainments will be given by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. The Vokes family and Mr. George Conquest, and Miss Russell, Madame Pauline Rita, Miss Julia Mathews, Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Pattie Laverne, and Mr. George Perren will lend the aid of their vocal abilities in a series of songs, ballads, &c.

THE COURT THEATRE reopens next Saturday under the management of Mr. Hare, whose opening programme will consist of a comedietta, in which Miss Hughes (Mrs. Gaston Murray), Miss Hollingshead, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Cathcart will appear, and a new and original comedy in four acts, *Lady Flora*, written by Mr. Coghlan, of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the leading characters in which will be sustained by Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Amy Fawcitt, and Messrs. Kendal, John Clayton, Charles Kelly, Kemble, and Hare.

THE SURREY GARDENS, it is said, will be opened during the ensuing summer, under the management of Mr. William Holland.

MR. FIELD, of the free list, Drury-Lane Theatre, whose uniform attention and courtesy to the renters, nominees, representatives of the press and others are strongly deserving of substantial appreciation, announces his benefit for Monday evening next, the 8th inst., when the spectacular drama of *Rebecca* will be represented, followed by the opening of the pantomime. It is essential to state that Mr. Field's own tickets only will be of service to the *bénéficiaire*.

THE NEXT NOVELTY at the Grecian Theatre will be an original drama, in four acts, by Mr. George Conquest and Mr. Henry Pettitt, and entitled *Dead to the World*.

A NEW DRAMA by Messrs. Leonard Rae and Frank Stainforth, and entitled *Rank and Fame*, is announced as the Easter novelty at the Standard. It will be illustrated by some marvellous scenic effects by Mr. R. Douglass, and Mr. J. Dewhurst and Miss Furtado are engaged to appear in it.

MESSRS. SANGER announce their annual benefit at Astley's for to-day and on Monday, when, at each performance—morning and evening on both days—in addition to the combined attractions of the varied scenes in the circus, the drama of *Dick Turpin's Ride to York*, and the amusing and gorgeously-mounted pantomime, the 'Two-Headed Nightingale' will make her first appearance since her return from Berlin.

OUR readers will regret to learn that Mrs. Swanborough, the popular proprietress and lessee of the Strand Theatre, is dangerously ill; indeed, ere these lines are in print we fear that the end may have come. While there is life, however, there is hope; and we are sure we shall not be alone in expressing the most earnest wishes for her recovery.

MR. HENRY ROE will give a flute and concertina recital, at Pimlico Rooms, Warwick-street, on Monday, March 15, on which occasion will be performed a quartet by Mozart. The following artists are announced to appear:—Messrs. G. Roe, F. C. Roe, T. F. Williams, W. Putnam, J. Wilcocks, E. Chidley, Henry Roe, Madame Thaddeus Wells, and Mr. George Roe. Mr. A. Preuss, of 23, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, is the manager of the entertainment, which promises to be a success.



YACHTS IN WINTER QUARTERS AT COWES,
ISLE OF WIGHT.

A SHARP frost, with a bright sky, made our row up the Medina a very enjoyable trip. On getting afloat the first object of interest we encountered was Mr. Broadwood's new screw-steamer "Minerva," recently built by Messrs. Hansen, of West Cowes. Higher up lay the S.S. "Helen," fitting for the Mediterranean, together with a whole heap of cracks; these last, with their noses towards the shore, including the Yankees "Faustine," "Sappho," "Viking," &c. "Eöthen" (Mr. J. Ashbury), in mid-channel, with her masts out and a huge pair of "shear-legs" rigged up, looked anything but the beau-ideal of a smart steam-yacht. She has not yet recovered the rough tussle she had with Shoreham Pier last autumn.

Mr. Fish's celebrated "Enchantress" was there, and "Cambria," which, we hear, is to go into racing once more.

Of yachts building, Mr. Ratsey has a cutter (about 100 tons) for Colonel Markham, late owner of "Pantomime" and "Harlequin," and a 60-ton cutter, both well forward. A screw-schooner of about 200 tons and some smaller fry are also in hand. "Lufrä," "Iona," "Myosotis," and "Nadejah" are here undergoing repairs and alterations.

At Mr. S. White's a cruiser of 220 tons is building; also a yawl of 160 tons; and Mr. Stephenson's S.S. "Northumbria" is hauled up for repairs.

Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, March 3.

Fortune, which for many months past had particularly ill-treated Baron Finot, exceptionally favoured him on the occasion of last Sunday's steeplechase réunion at Auteuil, when his representatives won three out of the four prizes offered for competition—Page being in every instance the winning jockey. The day was not a fine one, and a repetition of the previous Sunday's sleet and hail was greatly feared; but still the *pesage* was thronged with a numerous crowd of owners, trainers, and amateurs, and a large concourse of spectators was collected together on the opposite side of the course. The meeting opened with the Prix des Haras, for which five horses started—Lapidaire, Niche, Coppelha, Clairvoyant, and Wild Monarch; the last-named (the property of M. de St. Sauveur) winning with the greatest ease. At the fifth hedge Clairvoyant, who was running splendidly and inspiring his supporters with the greatest confidence, unluckily stumbled, throwing his rider, who was so badly hurt that he had to be conveyed to the doctor's pavilion on a stretcher. After the Prix des Haras came the Prix des Fortifications, which that old veteran Nestor II. won, in spite of the 78 kilos which he had to carry. This was a first victory for Baron Finot, who subsequently triumphed with Course de Nuit in the Prix de la Gareme, and with Sonnette in the Prix du Lac. Both these successes were somewhat unexpected. On the one hand, Course de Nuit had

YACHTS IN WINTER QUARTERS, COWES.

been recently beaten at Vesinet and La Marche; while M. Ricksby's Mobile II. and Vicomte Delamarre's Echevin were backed for the last race in preference to Sonnette. In either instance, however, Baron Finot's representatives won with the most perfect ease. Next Sunday there is to be a third steeplechase gathering at Auteuil, and very shortly the Longchamps meetings will commence.

Apropos of things theatrical I have to chronicle this week the revival of *Geneviève de Brabant* at the Gaité. Offenbach has converted his *opérette* into a veritable *fièvre*, and has spent several thousands of pounds upon the get up. From a spectacular point of view the piece is a complete success, some of the tableaux being of unprecedented magnificence; but, although the *mæstro* has made considerable additions to the partition, it is far from having the same musical charm as in the old days, when it was performed at the little Ménus Plaisirs Théâtre, with Zulma Bouffar in the rôle of the heroine. To-day the part of Geneviève is played by Mlle. Perret, who, if not equal to Zulma Bouffar from a histrionic point of view, nevertheless interprets the rôle in a very creditable manner. Offenbach I may mention, has introduced a new part into the piece—that of 'Biscotte,' half *gouvernante*, half sorceress, whose rôle is played by Thérèse, of "Sapèur," and "Femme à barbe," celebrity. It is the fashion over here to admire the *chic* of the ex-prima donna of the Alcazar d'été, who, moreover, enjoys to-day the reputation of being both a *comédienne* and a songstress *hors ligne*. I must say, however, that I was sadly disappointed both with her acting and her singing in the part

of 'Biscotte.' Her acting merely consists in strutting up and down the stage; while as for her singing, just imagine the most delicate melodies bellowed forth in the same gruff voice that used formerly to shout—

Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur!

The amusing rôles of the two gendarmes, 'Piton' and 'Grabuge,' are capably rendered by Gabel and Scipion, whose amusing *jeux de mots* greatly enliven the piece. Christian also is very droll in the part of 'Golo,' and Habay plays that of 'Lefroi,' Geneviève's husband, with considerable *verve*. Legrenay is, however, simply ridiculous as 'Charles Martel'; indeed, the authors would do well to strike this personage out of the piece altogether. The great attractions of *Geneviève de Brabant* in its present garb are its ballets and its transformation scene. The dancing interludes are most skilfully combined, and the apotheosis with which the piece concludes is of a magnificence surpassing anything that has ever yet been seen in Paris. I must also compliment M. Offenbach on his *figurantes*.

We have a *première* this evening at the Opéra Comique, M. du Loch eventually favouring us with Meilhac and Berot's comic opera *Carmen*, which we have been daily expecting during the last three months.

The Bouffes still continues to perform *La Princesse de Trébizonde*, but it has scarcely proved such a great success as was expected. We may therefore look forward to the speedy performance of *Le Chemin des Amoureux*, by Albert Millaud and Graton Lerpette, a three-act

operetta of a far more comic character than its somewhat sentimental title would lead one to suppose. One of the principal rôles will be interpreted by Madame Claudia, who, it will be recollected, recently replaced Madame Judic in *Madame l'Archiduc*. Apropos of Madame Judic, I may mention that the heroine of *La Timbole* left last night for St. Petersburg, where she has a three-months' engagement at £40 per night.

The Théâtre Lyrique has given one this week, *La Duchesse de Ploënmarek*, a four-act tragedy by M. Couturier, the author of numerous unsuccessful pieces. I may mention that his new venture is a trifle better written than usual, but I do not fancy that it will have a run of any length. M. Castellano, the director of the Lyrique, is certainly the most unlucky of our theatrical managers.—E. A. V.

"MR. THOMAS."

Mr. Pickernell, who, under the assumed name of "Mr. Thomas," has probably made for himself a more world-wide reputation than any gentleman-rider of the present or any other time, was born in 1834. In 1852, shortly after having completed his education at Cheltenham, he sailed with Captain, now General, Hawkins, Royal Engineers, in the good ship *Lady Montague*, in charge of convicts for Tasmania, better known nowadays as Van Diemen's Land. Hobart Town was reached after a prosperous voyage of 122 days, and, very shortly after landing, the subject of our memoir began to take great interest in the sport of the island; but it was not until the end of December, 1854, that he came prominently before the public as one of the stewards of the meeting at Franklyn. In the following January he appeared in print for the first time, the *Launceston Chronicle* being loud in his praises, commenting on the "coolness, skill, and judgment which he displayed," whereby he snatched two races out of the fire at Longford. These laudatory remarks drew forth from David Richardson, the celebrated professional jockey of the period there, a letter to the effect that, although he thoroughly appreciated Mr. Pickernell as a gentleman rider and sportsman, still he thought it hard upon professionals that he, Mr. P., should give his services gratuitously in races where he had no advantage in weight; however, we next find our hero, a few months afterwards, according to the *Hobart Town Advertiser*, riding Mr. Brown's Lucifer twice, Dr. Lempriere's Topsy twice, Mr. Field's Merry Maid twice, and Mr. Lachmer's Skyrocket once, all winners; and he also got second with the last-named gentleman's Washington—a pretty fair innings in a two-days' meeting! especially considering that there were good fields for all the races, and some of them were run in heats! He missed having a ride in the only steeplechase that took place in the island during his stay, having refused several mounts in favour of his own mare, Lufra, who broke down a few days before the race.



MR. THOMAS, THE GENTLEMAN RIDER.

At the end of 1855 Mr. Pickernell returned to England and soon began to make his mark. The first race of any importance, however, which he won was on Tom Moody, at Shrewsbury, trained by himself, beating Odiham, with Ben Land up; Knight of the Shire (George Stevens), Red Rose (Walter White), Escape (T. Donaldson), and several others. He very soon afterwards won the Willoughby Handicap, at Warwick, for Lord Clifden, on Fadladeen; and the Aristocratic Handicap, at Bath, with Lord de Mauley's Cotswold; but the closest and finest finish on the flat he ever rode was at Liverpool, when he beat Broadlands by a head with Donizetti, trained by J. Dawson.

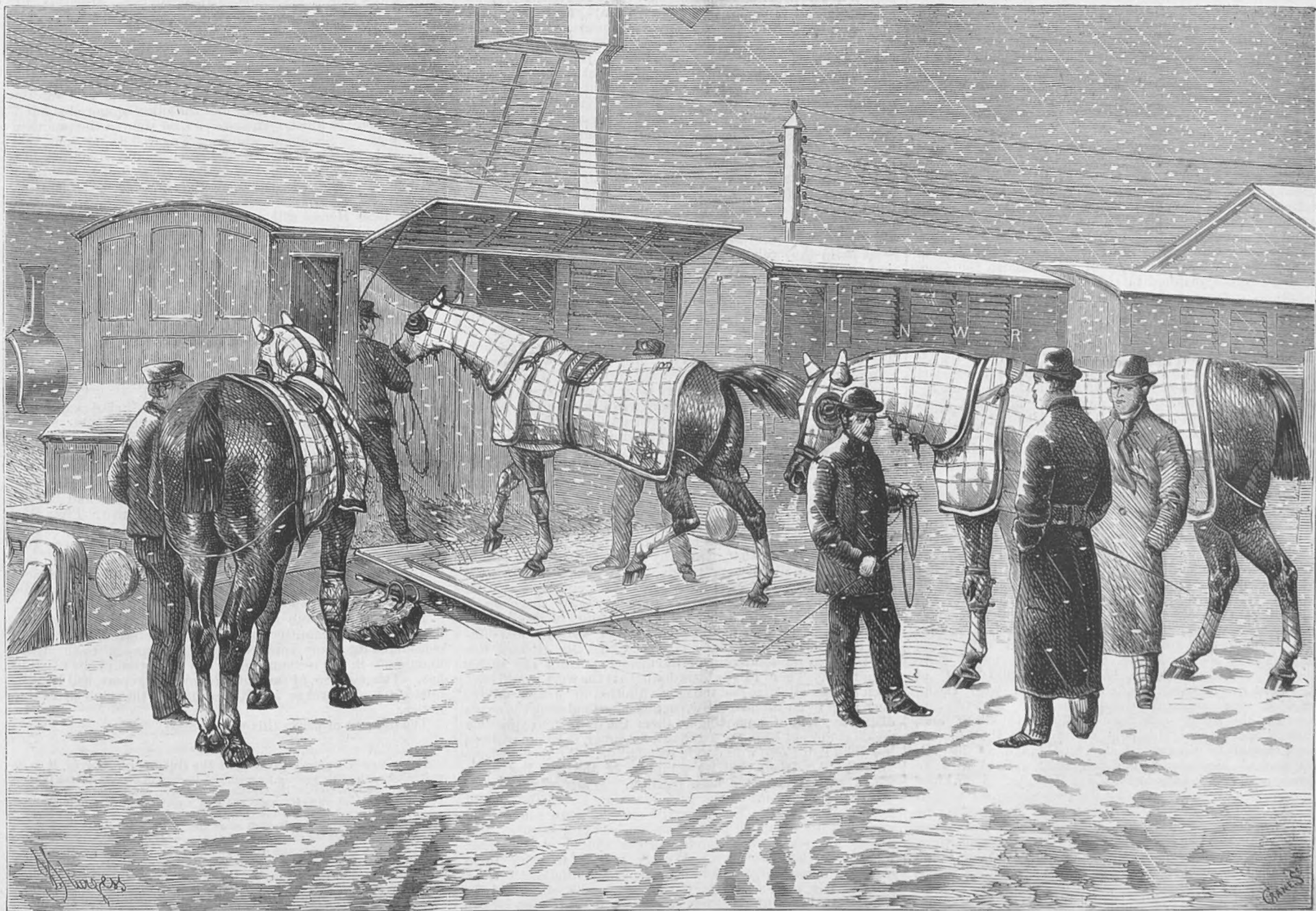
In 1860 Mr. Pickernell gained the height of his ambition

when he won the Grand National at Liverpool on Anatis, which performance he repeated in 1871 on The Lamb, which horse he had previously beaten at Kingsbury, riding the Nun, after a tremendous finish with poor George Ede.

On Nov. 9, 1866, the first sheet *Calendar* was issued from Old Burlington-street, containing the return of steeplechases past; and, curiously enough, the Liverpool Autumn was the first meeting reported, where Mr. Pickernell won every steeplechase (three) that was run—two on Sprite and one on Little Peter. Columns would be requisite to record half his winning mounts. He has been led back to scale triumphant scores and scores of times, not only in England, but also in Ireland (where at one time he was almost invincible), in France, in Germany, and in almost every country where racing is known. He has probably taken part in more Grand Nationals than any other jockey, professional or amateur, having ridden for the great prize at Aintree no less than seventeen times. At Punchestown he was well known on Ben Bolt, Sincerity, Dalgren, and many another good horse; and his likeness in the Conyngham Cup pictures, just published by Mr. Cranfield, of Dublin, on *Star of the Sea*, is inimitable.

On the Continent his winning mounts have been most numerous. He landed the great hurdle-race at Baden-Baden in 1860 on Rigoletto, and a few days afterwards at Spa won the chief steeplechase on Catspaw. After this he was continually riding with much success for Lamplugh's stable, and took prizes at Ghent and other places in Baron Herring's colours. For "Mr. Merton" (Elyott Bower) Mr. Pickernell rode a long time, and carried off, among other trophies, the great steeplechase at Deauville, on the Drone; and was second to Benarzet on the same horse at Baden, his old friend and rival in the pigskin, George Ede, riding the winner. In the same colours Mr. P. steered Meanwood at Porchfontaine, where he won the steeplechase, and a good flat race at Baden fell to his share on Friday week. Among his more recent foreign victories may be enrolled the first steeplechase ever run for at Auteuil, on De la Motte, and on the same mare the next week he won a steeplechase at La Marche; while at Le Vesinet she unfortunately fell with him and broke his collar-bone.

To make a long story short, Mr. Pickernell proved last year that his hand had lost none of its cunning; for, among the winners recorded, he piloted Free Trade, Pathfinder, Young Miller, Cataract, King Tom, Stour, Storm Signal, Saracen, Réalité, Fan, Rufina, Blanc Mange, &c., and on the last-named, at Worcester, he rode one of his grandest finishes when he just beat Jealousy by a head for the Severn Bank Steeplechase. Already this year he has gained four winning brackets, having won twice on Hart at Carmarthen; and twice on Gazelle at Worcester. His friends call him "Evergreen Tommy." He looks like riding on for many a year to come, and can still go to scale about 10st.



RUGBY STEEPLECHASES.—"POSTPONED AGAIN—GOING HOME."

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

MR. BACHE'S CONCERT.

MR. WALTER BACHE, one of our ablest pianistes, has for several years past persevered in upholding the claims of his teacher, Franz Liszt, to be considered a great composer; and at his annual concerts the majority of the pieces which form the programmes are invariably selected from the writings of the famous pianiste. Faithful to his creed, Mr. Bache last week gave his eleventh annual concert on this principle; and out of the nine pieces which were included in the programme, no less than seven were by Liszt. It does not appear that Mr. Bache makes many converts; for, except at his concerts, and at those of the apparently moribund Wagner Society, it is a rare thing to hear any of Liszt's orchestral works. Yet this gentleman perseveres in his mission, with an obstinacy which would be ludicrous were it not for the testimony which it affords to the strong personal influence exercised by Liszt, and the remarkable amount of what is called by phrenologists "adhesiveness" which is exhibited towards him by his pupils. There is something almost touching in the self-sacrificing devotion which can lead an otherwise intelligent man to go on, year after year, preaching in the wilderness without making converts, and annually losing a considerable amount of his professional earnings in the thankless task of exhibiting the proportions of the idol which he vainly asks the world to join with him in worshipping. In place, therefore, of laughing at the annually recurring spectacle of an abortive enthusiasm, we are disposed to admire the sincerity and zeal of the enthusiast, while compelled to dispute the conclusions which he has formed.

Mr. Bache's concert calls for notice on general grounds. He is one of a small but energetic band of artists, most of whom have displayed executive ability—none of them creative genius. They form a kind of "mutual admiration society," and have convinced each other that they are entitled to dictate new canons of taste. They have established a society for "the higher development of pianoforte-playing"—a somewhat comprehensive, if not ambiguous, title—and, so far as their views may be inferred from the fact that they have placed their benevolent little institution under the patronage of Herr Dr. von Bülow, they aim at the "higher development" in question by encouraging the practice of playing "without book," regardless of inevitable omissions and false notes; and introducing "new readings" of classical masterpieces. Tradition has brought down to us from the composers of these works the manner in which they should be played; but our modern illuminati profess to know better than the original creators of great works what ought to be their intentions, and think nothing of making travesties of compositions which are held in reverence by the majority of the musical world. No one would object to these innovations because they were new; but, when they prove to be no less futile than impertinent, the guardians of artistic taste are bound to make a contemptuous protest, and to denounce the pretensions of the small but noisy knot of pretenders who—evidently powerless to produce creations of their own—do what they can to main and desecrate the treasures which departed genius has bequeathed to mankind.

At this concert a striking illustration was given of the evil results which flow from these wild theories when carried into actual practice. Weber's "Polonaise Brillante," op. 72, is not only one of the most charming among pianoforte solos, but is one of the best-known works of the composer; and there are many persons now living who have heard him play it. Instead of playing it as written by Weber, Mr. Bache chose to parade the arrogance and self-sufficiency of Liszt by playing this charming pianoforte solo, as "arranged for pianoforte and orchestra (!) by Franz Liszt." The "arranger" could not entirely hide the original beauty of the work; but, in the true spirit of self-assertion which characterises the modern German school, he has directed the attention of the listeners from Weber to himself, by accompanying the solo with orchestration of an eccentric and often vulgar kind, which effectually prevents the bestowal of due attention on the charming work of Weber. Not satisfied with this, he has taken the slow movement from Weber's E flat Polonaise, and joined it bodily to the No. 72, as an opening movement! Had a composer of the highest genius ventured to take such a liberty with Weber, we should have protested against it; but when it is the pianoforte-player Liszt who rushes in where angels would fear to tread, we feel that the able writer of an article in the *Daily Telegraph* was quite justified in characterising such attempts as exhibitions of "astounding impudence." This expression appears to have disturbed Mr. Bache's digestion ever since it appeared, in November last, *à propos* of his first performance of the Polonaise—as deranged by Liszt; and he has been so ill-advised as to print—in the programme book of his concert—what he probably considers a crushing rejoinder. He says that Mozart "wrote accompaniments of an utterly un-Handelian character to 'The people that walked in darkness,'" and that Mendelssohn and Schumann "provide with a pianoforte accompaniment pieces which Bach had expressly intended for the violin solo." Now, Mr. Bache must know that Handel's orchestral scores do not represent all the notes that were played when Handel's oratorios were performed under the composer's own direction. The orchestral players executed the notes which are still preserved, but a large amount of filling-in was done by the organ; and Mozart has but written down for the orchestra what seemed to him likely to be the notes which Handel would have supplied by means of the organ. He may have failed to catch the style of Handel, but he did his work in an earnest and reverent spirit. Had he "arranged" Handel *à la Liszt*—had he taken the tenor air, "Total Eclipse," from *Samson*, and made of it a slow opening movement to the soprano air, "Rejoice greatly," in the *Messiah*, encumbering the monstrous hybrid with vocal accompaniments for a double choir—there might have been some analogy between his working and that of Liszt. Mozart, however, contented himself with trying to restore the original decorations of a structure whose form he would not have ventured to alter; and, fortunately, was spared the pain of foreseeing that his endeavours would be denounced as "un-Handelian" by Mr. Walter Bache. Mendelssohn and Schumann did well to write pianoforte accompaniments to Bach's violin solos. They knew that the grand old Leipzig cantor improvised clavier accompaniments when these solos were played, and that neither he nor any of his sons would have thought of writing down those accompaniments for the benefit of the feeble musicians whose case was met by Mendelssohn and Schumann. Had they taken Bach's "Bourrée in A minor," joined it on to his "well-tempered clavier," and accompanied the pianoforte with orchestration of their own devising, there would have been some analogy between their working and that of Liszt. After all

it is too ridiculous to speak of Mozart and Mendelssohn in the same breath with Liszt. Mr. Bache goes on to mention some small liberties taken with great composers by Messrs. Brahms, Henselt, von Bülow, Joachim, and Heller. What on earth can it matter if fifty such people have kicked dead lions? When Mozart and Mendelssohn are brought up as witnesses, we are bound to sift the evidence; but the doings of respectable mediocrities are of little importance. Some of these have been, and some still are, clever solo-players; and one of them is daily expected to bring forth first-rate music. Should any one of them produce a work of equal merit to *Don Giovanni* or *Elijah* his example will have importance. Meanwhile, it is weak to quote the petty naughtinesses of such folk in justification of Liszt's wholesale mangling of Weber, which—despite Mr. Bache's special pleading—appears to us to be justly stigmatised as "astounding impudence."

We have dwelt at length on this concert, not because of its intrinsic importance, but because it was given in advocacy of principles against which we feel bound to protest; principles which, if logically extended, would hand over all the artistic legacies left to us by men of genius, to be desecrated by "re-arrangements," springing from the vanity of men with no genius. That Liszt belongs to the latter category was abundantly visible in the six works by him which were performed on this occasion. These were "Festklänge," "Concerto in A major, for pianoforte and orchestra," "Psalm 13, for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra," "Soldatenlied," and "Chorus of Reapers." The last-named, if not original, was melodious. The three first-named were of that kind of music which we are asked to believe will be inflicted on our suffering posterity as the "Music of the Future." Its characteristics are abundance of noise—paucity of ideas; wealth of trombones, cymbals, and drums—poverty of melody; absence of symmetrical form and full closes—incessant changes of key; rarity of original invention—prevalence of commonplace, made formidable by orchestral crashes "full of sound and fury—signifying nothing." Perhaps posterity may be allowed to express an opinion; if not, we are sorry for posterity. All that could be done for Liszt was done on this occasion, and the martyr Bache immolated himself heroically, having provided a fine band of sixty-eight performers, and a chorus of 160, with Dr. Bülow as conductor, who did his work excellently.

It is worth mentioning that Liszt's derangement of Weber's Polonaise having been encoered (as a matter of course), Mr. Bache played the Polonaise, *solo*, as written by Weber, with an evidently unexpected result. Although not very well played, it was so preferable without Liszt's wretched adulterations that the audience applauded to the echo, and actually recalled the performer who had thus rashly challenged a comparison between his teacher and Weber. Thus, like that oft-cited but somewhat tedious personage Balaam, in the field of Zophim, he involuntarily earned the maledictions of those whom he was expected to aid; and it was obvious that Balak's party felt greatly annoyed in consequence.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—At the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday last an interesting novelty was furnished in the shape of a "Dramatic Symphony" from the pen of Mr. Alfred Holmes, and entitled *Jeanne d'Arc*. This work has been performed with success at Paris and in Russia; but had never been produced in England until Saturday last. It is a fortunate thing for modern composers that such an institution exists as the Crystal Palace Concerts; where, during half the year, concerts are given, at which novelties are almost always introduced, and are executed in the finest possible style. But for these concerts there would have been little chance of a hearing for Mr. Holmes's symphony, despite its successful performance in two or three Continental capitals.

Jeanne d'Arc is not a work of the highest order; but is nevertheless meritorious, and serves to show that Mr. Alfred Holmes has a fund of dramatic power which may yet produce rich results. It is divided into five short parts, in which the story of the hapless Pucelle is briefly told. Except a short bass solo for the "Inquisitor" (Mr. Whitney), the solos are given to "Jeanne" (Madame Alvsleben), and a great deal of dramatic music is allotted to the chorus, who represent by turns angels, courtiers, citizens, soldiers, &c. The orchestra plays an important part, and helps to tell the story, both in the accompaniments to the vocal music and also in several short introductory and descriptive movements. The opening Pastoral Symphony, the War March and the Deliverance of Orleans, and the plaintive slow movement at the beginning of Part 5, which brings us to Jeanne in her imprisonment, are effective and well-scored numbers. Of the vocal music the most effective portions were the Chorus of Courtiers in Part 3; the choral *Te Deum*, with solo soprano obbligato, at the end of the same part; the exulting Chorus of English Soldiers in Part 4; and the recitative, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" A work of such magnitude can hardly be judged with fairness at a single hearing; but it proves Mr. Holmes to be a sound musician and a masterly workman. The execution was fairly good, considering the practical impossibility of getting sufficient rehearsals with band and chorus together. The Crystal Palace Choir have this season shown considerable improvement, and they did their work very well. The English version used on the occasion was from the facile pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett, and the words were well fitted to the music. Mr. Whitney was distinct in his articulation of the few passages he had to sing, and his pronunciation of *Jeanne* as "Jane" may perhaps be excused; but nothing can excuse the selection of a soprano who was quite unfit to do justice to the work—because unable to pronounce intelligibly the words she had to sing. Madame Alvsleben has injured her voice by singing the screaming music of Wagner, but she still has some good notes; and where she has merely to vocalise—as in her share of the "Te Deum"—her singing was acceptable. But she was deficient in that sympathy and pathos of style which, combined with dignity and religious fervour, are requisite for the representation of "Jeanne d'Arc." Her singing was cold, and her efforts to impart pathos were obviously mechanical. When to this it is added that her pronunciation of English was so bad that, even with the printed book of words, it was difficult to follow her, it will be perceived that Mr. Holmes was not lucky in the rendering of the most important rôle in his symphony. There can be little doubt that the work would have been doubly effective had the music allotted to "Jeanne d'Arc" been sung by an English artist, capable of articulating the words distinctly, and of imparting to them the dramatic expression which could not be expected from a foreigner, to whom perhaps less than half those words were intelligible. We do not blame Madame Alvsleben, but we complain of the bad judgment which placed her in a false position. When she sings in German she is heard to the best advantage; and she should not attempt to sing English until she can both understand and pronounce it much better than she can at present. And we see no reason why foreign artists should receive more indulgence than our own. We are willing to show them complete impartiality, and to make no preferential distinctions in favour of native singers, if they are really surpassed by foreign rivals. Unfortunately, we have not yet thrown off the insular superstitions of thirty years back, and we are apt to

applaud foreign talent simply because it is foreign, though it may be clearly inferior to that exhibited by poorly-encouraged compatriots. If any English soprano were to sing at a Crystal Palace concert in any foreign language, and were to make a hundredth part of the mal-pronunciations which Madame Alvsleben made last Saturday, she would be very properly condemned for it. Then, if it be right in the one case, it is right in the other; and we hope that ere long the maxim that "a prophet has no honour in his own country" will be less unfairly illustrated here than it has hitherto been. Excepting the soprano part, the work went well, and Mr. Manns conducted with great care and ability. Applause was freely bestowed during the performance, and at the conclusion there were rounds of cheers and loud calls for Mr. Holmes, who bowed his acknowledgments from the front of the end gallery. We hope to hear other works from his pen, for there is in all he writes good, solid workmanship, and his symphony deserves a second hearing under more favourable circumstances. To-day the concert will consist entirely of selections from the writings of the lamented Sterndale Bennett; and, apart from the sentimental interest attached to the occasion, the admirers of pure and imaginative music, elaborated with the highest skill and stamped with the impress of original genius, will have a rich banquet.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—*Maritana*, the most popular of Vincent Wallace's operas, was produced here, on Saturday last, for the first appearance of Miss Rose Hersee in English opera, in London, since her return from America. It is needless to say anything respecting the plot or music of a work so well known. In the title-character Miss Hersee made a brilliant success; and, except in the very highest ranks of Italian operatic art, it would be difficult to find so rare a combination of brilliant vocalisation and fascinating acting. Her voice has increased in richness and power, without any diminution of the flexibility for which she has long been distinguished; and her shake, holding notes, scales, and staccati—extending occasionally to F in alt—are well-nigh faultless. We concur with the able critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in thinking that "of Miss Rose Hersee it would be little indeed to say that she is the best of our English dramatic singers. She has no superior in the concert room. On the stage, however, she stands quite alone; and, judged not by comparison with other English vocalists, but by the standard of such perfect singing as is sometimes to be heard on the Italian stage, Miss Hersee may claim to rank among the best of the so-called 'light sopranos.'" Her reception was enthusiastic; and throughout the evening she was continually interrupted by the plaudits of the large audience, and by encores which she firmly declined until the last act, when her exquisite rendering of "Scenes that are brightest," concluding with a wonderfully prolonged and even shake, drew forth such demonstrations that she was obliged to repeat the last verse. Her acting in the first act was charming, particularly in the fortune-telling scene, and the "Harp in the air" was both acted and sung to perfection. In the duets, "Of Fairy Wand" and "O, Maritana," her vocalisation was admirable, and her intonation perfect. To quote the *Standard*, "Her singing, too, possesses the great charm that it can always be depended upon; the hearer can listen without any fear that his pleasure will be interrupted by a false note," and the *Daily Telegraph* speaks of her "true sweet voice." It is indeed a treat to hear such finished singing, combined with so much personal grace and piquancy of acting, and we hope, with the *Observer*, "that her return to the metropolitan stage may help to brighten the prospects of English operatic art."

Miss Hersee was well supported by Mr. Nordblom, whose voice and singing have greatly improved of late. He was deservedly encoered in "Let me like a soldier fall," and sang well throughout the opera. His acting as 'Don Caesar' was spirited and picturesque. The 'Don Jose' was Mr. F. Celli, who was hardly at home in the part on the first night, but sang artistically, and obtained an encore for "In happy moments." Miss Manetti, as 'Lazarillo,' was ladylike and intelligent; but her vocal efforts were so spoiled by nervousness that not only her song but the concerted music suffered. She will doubtless conquer this difficulty soon. Mr. Marler did his best for the unthankful rôle of the 'King,' and the other minor characters were respectably filled. The *mise en scène* showed the practised hand of Mr. R. Shepherd, who knows as well as any man, and better than most, how to make much of small resources. Mr. Eayres was the conductor, and is entitled to much praise for the manner in which he had made the choristers letter perfect, and had brought out the best qualities of his orchestra.

Miss Rose Hersee will appear as 'Maritana' on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; and, judging from the crowded state of the theatre on Saturday last, it seems likely that her engagement will prove attractive.

Yachting.

NEW THAMES YACHT CLUB.

The above club has just completed its programme for the forthcoming season, as follows:—

May 29.—Opening cruise from Gravesend.
May 31.—Cutter races. Prizes: For the first class, exceeding 50 tons, £100 to the winner, £40, for second yacht; second class, exceeding 30 tons and not exceeding 50 tons, £60 and £20; third class, not exceeding 30 tons, but none to rate under 10 tons, £25 and £10. Course: From Gravesend round the West Oaze buoy and back.
June 16.—Schooners and yawls. Prizes of £100 and £40 for the first and second of each distinctly. Course: From the Lower Hope to the Mouse and back.
June 26.—Race from Southend to Harwich. Prizes: £60, £40, and £30.

All entries for the above races to be made a week before each, at the town club-house, before eight p.m.; and vessels to be measured two days before each race at Gravesend.

The matter of club measurement is as yet but partially decided. The committee to whom it was referred, having duly considered the many conflicting suggestions sent to them, are unanimous in not recommending any alteration in the existing law. This opinion, at present received as a report, will be submitted for approval to a full meeting of the club after due notice.

The amount of prizes this year is £665.

DUTY OFF HORSES.—Now that the duty is off horses, it is as well to know where they can be foraged with the best of everything at a reasonable rate. Messrs. Hall, of the Old Corn Exchange, and 42 and 43, Park-lane, Piccadilly, have hit upon the novel but very sensible idea of foraging horses according to their height. Their charge is 1s. per hand per horse per week—that is, a horse fifteen hands high costs 15s. a week to forage, and so on, reckoning 1s. a week for every hand of the horse's height.—[Adv.]

AFTER AN EXPERIENCE OF OVER FORTY YEARS, it has been established that there are few instances of defects of the Hair which cannot be arrested neutralised, or remedied by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, and the favourable effect seen at once; and though the Hair may have become Grey, Thin, or Faded, it may be Renewed and Restored to all the glossy loveliness of which it is susceptible.—Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Dépôt, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[Adv.]

Our Captious Critic.



Most people will remember the passage in Macaulay's essay on Moore's "Life of Byron," wherein he remarks that the British public is subject to periodical fits of virtue. The British public has been lately undergoing one of those fits. At present it has by no means recovered, for the attack has been a severe one. Of course, I am talking of matters theatrical, though commercial circles appear to have been somewhat smitten by the prevailing epidemic, if one may judge from recent attempts to expose various time-honoured and "respectable" City frauds. With regard to public amusements it has broken out virulently in the form of "great revivals of the legitimate drama." Sepulchral tragedies of antiquity are being unearthed from their dusty obscurity to parade before us in ghostly horror—fossil tragedians, deep-voiced, monotonous, and those strange monsters of transpontine growth, who erst have "played the villains at the Vic," are being summoned from their depths to illustrate the gloomy pageant. To quote the lines of a touching ballad written at another epoch of awakened morality, we are treated to

Corpses hanging on the gallows,
Virtuous tears and vicious malice,
Hamlet at the Crystal Palace—
Poor blind worms!

Even I begin to feel a moral dignity pervading my system as I sit alone in my baronial halls penning these lines. "Tis now the dead of night. Nought stirs save the belated cabman, who is driving some country member of the House of Commons to the N.W. district; there to sleep, perchance to dream. Hark! What was that? I will summon my retainer and inquire. What, ho! my seneschal! . . . Ay, I will have to ring the bell. Ye have been somewhat tardy, sirrah, in obeying my peremptory summons. Heard I not some one singing i' the corridor? 'Twas but the buxom housemaid warbling a ditty from *La Fille de Madame Angot* as she hied her on her way to her downy pillow, my Lord. Go, gag her o' the instant! Such levity is treason to the State. Know you not that the Legitimate Drama is revived? Fetch me a pint of blood; and let the dark curtain rise disclosing *The Maid's Tragedy*."



Mr Pennington as ye
discouraged Amintor

It was in the palmy Roman days, ere that noble structure the Amphitheatre, and the less imposing though equally useful building the Viaduct, hard by, had crumbled neath the

finger of all-destroying Time. Amid the walls of the former, with a romantically-painted drop-scene behind them and two property-chairs and a table of elegant classical design for them to sit and lean their elbows upon, wandered the noble Melantius and the brave young Amintor. In sooth, a goodly pair to look upon—and they were friends. Ye may sneer, ye modern cynics, who do not believe in the existence of true friendship; but when I tell you that both these heroes were tragedians, can ye doubt any longer that they were friends? Melantius was a stalwart warrior, with side-whiskers and a glossy wig as black as the raven's wing. He had chivalrous sentiments and a sonorous voice. It must be confessed that he was rather fond of hearing himself talk. But then everything that he uttered was so well worth listening to that even if you fell asleep during one of his long speeches you woke up at the end of it feeling much relieved. His friend Amintor was in many respects a contrast to him; for Amintor had a flaxen wig, composite features, and a pain-in-the-stomach sort of expression.

A great statesman of the period thought highly of his elocution. This may, perhaps, have been the cause of his profound melancholy. His knees were continually appearing to give way, and oftentimes he was only saved from sinking prone upon the earth by the kind intervention of a painfully-classic chair. Once in every five minutes he would swear eternal friendship to the noble Melantius, and in the very next breath he would address him in tones of the most scathing irony. This Melantius bore with amazing fortitude; but once he was very near striking his friend. He would done so did not Amintor look as if he were going to weep. I suppose he also remembers that Amintor is in love with the fair Evadne. The fair Evadne was Melantius's sister. She was very fair. She glared with her eyes in a manner quite fierce enough to make any tragedian in love with her. Her voice was not soft, gentle, and low; but, on the contrary, strident and imperious. In listening to her intonation of certain words, you would, with closed eyes, have believed it to be the voice of Mr. John Ryder. "Haw-ven rast thee, me brother," she would say to Melantius. But, with all these charms and accomplishments, I regret to state that Evadne was no better than she ought to have been.



Mr Collette as P. Smith Esq
"While its to be had."

She carried on an intrigue with the King, a most unprincipled monarch; and, in spite of this, allowed the young Amintor to marry her. You may judge of the guilelessness of Amintor's nature when I tell you that he did not find out her true character until after he had married her. He told Melantius, who at first called him a liar (in other words); but, upon reflection, agreed with his friend, and dragged the fair Evadne (who looked rather annoyed at being found out) about the room for five minutes until she consented to take his dagger and go kill the King. Before she accomplished her dreadful deed Melantius was sent to prison and left there, heavily manacled, with five murderers. He was about to sell his life dearly when Evadne arrived with the King's signet-ring and saved him. He did not thank her for this timely intervention until she showed him the dagger stained with the Royal gore. This pleased so much Melantius' gallant soul, that they made a night of it, she dying from the effects of poison and he stabbing himself and then passing round the dagger to his friends, most of whom declined to use it, Amintor among the number. He, having another little affair on with a girl in boy's clothes (alas! for friendship), refused to accompany his noble comrade to Hades. What happened afterwards I don't know, because the curtain came down amid silent applause. I was quite certain, however, of one thing—that I had seen a Tragedy, though I could not discover the Maid. At all events, I left the place thoroughly convinced that the Legitimate Drama had indeed been revived. And I heartily wished that it hadn't. Why, oh why did we yearn for High Art? We have got it now, with a vengeance! If this is to be virtuous, give us back our cakes and ale. Give us back the sparkling music, the bright dresses, the buffoonery, and the laughter. Shakspeare I reverence as the greatest of our household gods. Beaumont and Fletcher are pleasant companions by the fireside; but our last state is worse than our first. I begin to feel as if I had latterly been attending the obsequies of the theatre.

CRYPTOCONCHOIDSYPHONOTOMATA is the cheering little Robertsonian title of a comic sketch which now precedes *La Perichole* at the Royalty. The piece is much slighter than you would be led to suppose from the title; in fact, it is very feeble and thin,

and is chiefly notable as giving Mr. Charles Collette an opportunity of displaying a vein of comic power which he possesses, and which Society (give me an S a size larger than the one used by *Vanity Fair*, please, Mr. Printer) would not tolerate on his native heath, the Prince of Wales's. Mr. Collette not only invented the title of this piece, but has learnt to pronounce it! You may judge from that whether he is worth seeing or not.



"THE SHAUGHRAUN" AND "THE SKIBBEEAH."

BOUCICAULT V. HART

The case of Boucicault against Hart, being an application on the part of complainant for an injunction restraining defendant from producing at his theatre a play entitled *The Skibbeeah*, on the ground that it is an infringement of complainant's drama of *The Shaughraun*, was called up on the Equity side of the United States Circuit Court—Judge Woodruff presiding—on Saturday last. The court-room was densely packed, and a large number of professional people were present. This case has attracted unusual attention, as much on account of the importance of the question at issue as of the well-known characters of the parties. Mr. Hart's answer to the complaint, which is supported by numerous affidavits, is that he has in no particular infringed any of Boucicault's rights as an author, and that Boucicault, having failed to comply with the provision of the Copyright Act, is in no position to maintain his suit. Both of Mr. Hart's positions were ably presented to the Court by his counsel, Mr. Purdy. It is alleged that the copyright of *The Shaughraun* was never perfected; that Boucicault forwarded to the librarian of Congress the printed titlepage of the drama with the proper fee, but neglected to comply with the further condition of the Act requiring a deposit of two printed copies of the play within ten days after publication, and that it is settled by a long line of decisions, both in this country and in England, that presentation is publication. Mr. Hart also offered as evidence a printed copy of *The Skibbeeah*, each page of which was divided into two columns. In one was given the words and business spoken in *The Skibbeeah*, and in the other the plays, books, and other sources from which they were drawn. An authority was given for every line. If *The Skibbeeah* resembles *The Shaughraun*, the defendant claims that the resemblance can only be accounted for on the supposition that Boucicault, in constructing his play, went to the same fountain and drank as deep and as long as the author of defendant's play. The various novels, plays, &c., were also put in evidence. Both positions taken by Mr. Hart were well fortified by authority and affidavits. The complainant, in the face of these, insisted that his play was entirely and absolutely the invention of his own brain, and maintained that his copyright was perfect in every particular. This last question is of vital importance to complainant's case, and its determination by the proper tribunal is a much desired result. It has never been presented so fairly as now, and dramatic authors have been in doubt whether or not the clause requiring a deposit of printed copies of their plays within ten days after their presentation was necessary to preserve their rights. The Court took the papers, and after proper consideration, without, however, touching the merits of the case or passing upon the legal points, granted a conditional injunction, requiring Boucicault to furnish a five thousand dollar bond, conditioned to respond in damages to Mr. Hart in case it should prove that the injunction had been improperly prayed for. This leaves the case exactly where it was when Judge Woodruff took the papers, and Mr. Hart can reopen its discussion at will on motion to dissolve the injunction. Mr. Hart made out a strong case, and Boucicault will have great difficulty in convincing the Court that any infringement has been made by the author of *The Skibbeeah*. We await a final decree with considerable interest.—*New York Spirit of the Times*.

MESSRS. DICK RADCLYFFE AND Co., of 129, High Holborn, the well-known seedsmen, have published an illustrated catalogue of prize-medal seeds, &c., which is well worthy the attention of people interested in matters floral and horticultural. Messrs. Dick Radclyffe and Co. have one of the most magnificent assortments of all the choicest seeds, bulbs, roots, &c.; and their catalogue will be specially appreciated by those who indulge in the fashionable taste for ferneries and window-gardens, in the construction and arrangement of which the Holborn firm are confessedly second to none in the trade.

LOVELINESS ON THE INCREASE.—A marked increase of female loveliness is the eye-delighting result of the immense popularity which Hagan's Magnolia Balm has obtained among ladies everywhere. Complexions radiant with snowy purity and tinged with the roseate hue of health are commonly met with whenever it is used.—Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, in Bottles, at 3s. 6d. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[Advrt.]

T. M. GOODLAKE, ESQ.

A NAME of note amongst coursers is that of Goodlake, and it has been a pillar of strength to the sport since the first club was established, near upon a century ago. In 1780, the year that saw the commencement of the famous Ashdown gatherings, a Thomas Goodlake, Esq., was announced as honorary secretary and treasurer to the "society;" and since that date few records of the doings over the magnificent downs have been published without a representative of the "house" figuring as an owner of greyhounds and a nominator. Most seasons, too, other localities scarcely less renowned have received support from members of the family; and down to the present date the most important southern reunions, as well as those in the Lancashire district (that hotbed of the sport), bear witness to the continued and substantial support accorded the leash by these Berkshire coursers. Born and bred a courser, therefore, was the subject of our sketch; and, though long past the prime of manhood, he still enters with the greatest zeal into the sport, his erect and stately form being seldom missed from the "meet" at Lambourne Corner or Maddle Farm. Wild and wintry weather, though its full force be experienced from the top of Weathercock Hill, does not cool his ardour; and the succession of wrenches, turns, and byes are watched by him with as keen an interest as a brace of long-tails sail away from Kingston Warren, as though the frost of many winters had not changed his locks.

Perhaps fortune's favours have not been showered down upon Mr. Goodlake while in the pursuit of the sport he loves so well, yet he has "held his own over every description of country," and to this the annals of our southern meetings will testify. The "blue-ribbon of the leash," too, has never fallen to his share; and, undoubtedly, the highest honours gained by him upon the Waterloo plains is his success a week since, when Gilderoy placed to his credit the Waterloo Purse, after being beaten in the first round of the Cup. And by this success a

name has again been brought prominently before the public that will always add lustre to the records of the pastime, a name that has been associated with it from its earliest scenes, and, perhaps, no more fitting opportunity could have been seized upon to produce the portrait of one who still bears that name untarnished, and who furthers by his presence and support the welfare of a national sport.

W. FORDE-HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

WE publish, this week, a portrait of the owner of the Irish bitch Honeymoon, a greyhound that in such brilliant fashion carried off the "Derby of the leash" from picked opponents hailing from England and Scotland. As a courser on this side of the water, Mr. Hutchinson has not held a very prominent position, but meetings in the Green Isle have for seasons past received his most honourable and substantial support. In Ireland, as a breeder and public courser, he has been successful; and, knowing the upright and sportsman-like conduct that has always characterised his transactions in connection with the leash, it is not to be wondered at that when, a few weeks since, it was openly stated the daughter of Brigadier and Hebe would not run in her owner's interest for the Waterloo Cup, something more than surprise should be expressed on all sides at such proceedings. Matters, however, were quickly righted, for Mr. Hutchinson took the earliest opportunity of repudiating any such intentions, and ridiculed the very idea, stating, that, as it was the first time of his having held a nomination for the Waterloo Cup, he should most certainly run a greyhound of his own. And successful, and deservedly so, proved his first essay; for though he had not a "farthing on the race," but stood calmly by and looked on, he has, in addition to carrying off the most important event in coursing—and thereby rendering his name famous hereafter in the annals of the sport—the satisfaction of possessing one of the handsomest and best greyhounds that ever left the slips.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

HARDLY had my few notes appeared in print last week than there were again rumours afloat of still further alterations likely to take place in the composition of the Cambridge crew, it being stated in a daily contemporary that on Thursday "some excellent work was done; but it is still doubtful whether two changes will not yet take place, one of them a most material one." Nothing, however, of any startling nature occurred until Saturday, when, on the second trip, the threatened change was made, Peabody retiring from No. 2 thwart in favour of W. B. Close (1st Trinity). This was not so much on account of any fault being found with Peabody's rowing, as it was owing to his being more at home on the bow side than on that of the stroke. Whether the fresh importation into the boat will on so short a notice be sufficiently trained for so long a race remains to be seen. But he comes of a boating "stock," two of his brothers before him having both rowed in the University eight; and besides this he has, throughout the time the crew have been in training, been held as a reserve man, and, in the opinion of many who are competent to judge, he should have been selected as one of the original eight. Of course it is far from my intention to presume to dictate to so excellent a judge as Mr. Goldie as to what changes are desirable and what are not so; but I cannot help expressing my humble opinion that it is a great pity that so much valuable time has been lost before the alteration was made, and that Peabody could not have been transferred to the bow side, instead of his services being, as they are now, entirely dispensed with, he being by no means the worst oar in the boat.

It may not, perhaps, prove uninteresting here if I give a short account of the various changes which have been made in the boat since the commencement of their preparation. At first the crew was made up as follows:—Briscoe (St. Cath-



MR. T. M. GOODLAKE.



MR. FORDE-HUTCHINSON.

rine's), bow; Michell (1st Trinity), 2; Peabody (1st Trinity), 3; Stewart (Lady Margaret), 4; Phillips (Jesus), 5; Aylmer (1st Trinity), 6; Dicker (1st Trinity), 7; Rhodes (Jesus), stroke. Briscoe was the first to be sent to the right-about, and Lewis (Caius) and Donaldson (3rd Trinity) were both tried in his stead, but the latter was ultimately placed at No. 7 and Dicker moved to the bow oar. Stewart then gave way to Fowle (1st Trinity) for a day or two and Dicker moved to No. 5, Phillips to No. 3, Peabody taking his seat as bow. Stewart then received his *congé*, and, after some further shifting about of the men, Hibbert (Lady Margaret), who rowed bow last year, superseded Donaldson. After still further alterations, Benson, who rowed at No. 7 in the last year's race, again took that post, while Peabody supplanted W. B. Close at No. 2. This was the last change up to Saturday, when Peabody retired again and Close was re-instated. From reports which reach me from a highly credible source, there is in all probability a still further change imminent, and then, perhaps, we shall have seen the last of these varied positions of the crew, which must have an effect of anything but an encouraging nature on the supporters of the Cantabs.

Not having as yet had an opportunity of seeing the Light Blues row, it would be quite out of place for me to attempt to offer any criticism on the merits or demerits of the manner in which the men individually acquit themselves, but I am informed by a correspondent at Cambridge that the men are a very taking lot to the eye, averaging close upon 12st. each—in other words, about 3lbs per man less than their opponents. My informant also says that when rowing a slow stroke the time and swing of the men are as perfect as can be wished for, but when rowing a faster stroke some of them attempt to do too much, and consequently there is then an inclination to screw out of the boat. He also states that it strikes him there is to a great extent a want of "life" in the boat, which causes the ship to hang. Rhodes, at stroke, hardly seems to get down to his work as well as last year, owing perhaps to his having laid on flesh considerably; but as he now appears to be getting less "beefy," this fault (if such it can be called) will quickly disappear. In order to rectify the tendency which some of the men had to feather under water, Mr. Goldie hit upon the novel plan during this week of taking the delinquents out in a tub

pair, from which the rowlocks had been removed, and making them row with a thole-pin, so as entirely to prevent them feathering at all; but I cannot say with what effect. It was expected that the crew would have made their appearance on the Thames at the end of this week; but it is now, I believe, definitely settled that they will take their first spin at Putney on Monday next, where they will be looked after by Mr. Goldie and Mr. J. G. Chambers. All the men are in good health, and, with the one or two slight faults I have mentioned above, are quite as good a crew as have been sent up from the Cam for the last year or two; but before the day of the race they will, doubtless, be even better than they are at present.

Again has the preparation of the Oxford crew been, to a certain extent, impeded by the floods, which have rendered coaching from the bank at times almost an impossibility, and, in consequence, their practice has been restricted to rowing over the short course—i.e., between Folly Bridge and Ifley. The work has, however, proved of a highly satisfactory nature, and the men seem, to a great extent, to have made good progress under the guidance of their mentors. Mr. Darbishire acted as coach on Friday last, and the crew acquitted themselves entirely to his satisfaction in a spin against the wind and a heavy stream. I make particular mention of this piece of rowing, as it is a well-known fact that if there is one time more than another at which the faults in a boat's crew will manifest themselves it is under the adverse circumstances just referred to. A pull over the long course completed last week's work, and the present one was ushered in by Mr. Willan again making his appearance as coach. In a steady pull (again with wind and stream against them) the men earned the highest encomiums from him—swing, time, and catch being remarkably good. At the time of writing last week there was a great tendency in some of the men to row short; but this fault, I am informed, has almost entirely disappeared. Later on the floods became so high that Mr. Willan and Mr. Woodgate (who happened to be on circuit) looked after the eight in a pair-oar; but, of course, they could only give the benefit of their advice at certain points where they laid in wait for the boat. In contradistinction to the tactics pursued by their opponents, there has been a marked absence of any radical change of the men, the only alteration which has taken place

since my last being the shifting of Mitchinson from No. 6 to No. 4, he and Boustead changing seats. This at first was thought to be only a temporary arrangement; but on the second day, the boat seemed to have acquired so much more pace that it may be taken for granted the positions of the crew will remain as at present constituted. Some wiseacres are of opinion that Way is too light for the stroke oar; but to them I can only say that it is, comparatively speaking, still fresh in the memory of many an Oxford man that when Thorley, of Wadham, rowed stroke he was no heavier than Way is at present. And, again, many point out the fact that Hopwood's weight (8st 4lb) as coxswain is excessive; but I can bear in mind that when Marshall, of Exeter, steered the Oxford crew to victory in '54, he weighed over ten stone. I think it scarcely necessary this week to give the weights of the two crews, as they will both make their appearance at Putney next week, the Cantabs being expected on Monday and the Oxonians on the following day, but in the next impression of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS I trust I shall be able not only to give the exact weight of each crew, but to communicate the result of each day's work done by them in their practice on the Thames.—EXON.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have been informed that it is not at all improbable that Shafto (Jesus) will be called upon to take an oar in the Cambridge crew, but which seat he will occupy is at present merely a matter of conjecture.

DEATH OF MR. J. S. DOUGLAS.—This gentleman, at one time the owner of Tournament, Blue Jacket, and other racehorses, died on Thursday week at Chilton House, Tunbridge Wells.

THE FANCY-DRESS POLO AND UNITED COUNTIES HUNT BALL.—Preparations are being made at Brighton for this ball. The lady patronesses have been strengthened by Lady Honeywood, Mrs. Cameron Shute, and Mrs. Berkeley Lucy; and the Hunt stewards have been increased by the names of Sir Reginald Graham, Bart., the Hon. Ralph Nevill, Major-General Shute, C.B., M.P., Colonel the Hon. W. L. Talbot, and Captain R. Douglas Lane. Already the applications for vouchers are so numerous that intending visitors who defer obtaining them may meet with disappointment.

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Whist.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND.

The following hand has been forwarded to us by a Correspondent, as furnishing an edifying example of "how not to do it." A has two suits of four cards, but, instead of leading from either of them, prefers to open a suit of two (Ace and another) in the hope of making a small Trump. B, his partner, being guarded in the other two plain suits, and holding four Trumps to Ace, King, proceeds to draw the Trumps in the hope that his partner will be able to bring in his presumed long suit, whereby the opponents are enabled to save the game.

THE HANDS.

A's HAND.

Spades —6, 5, 2.
Clubs —Ace, 4.
Hearts —Knave, 10, 9, 7.
Diamonds—Ace, 8, 6, 2.

X's HAND.

Spades —Queen, 9, 4.
Clubs —Queen, Knave, 9, 8, 6, 5, 3.
Hearts —King, 6.
Diamonds—Queen.

Z's HAND.

Spades —Knave 8, 3.
Clubs —10, 2.
Hearts —8, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds—Knave, 10, 9, 7, 4.

B's HAND.

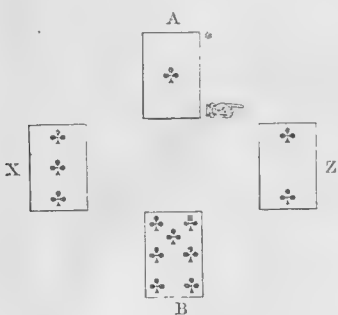
Spades —Ace, King, 10, 7.
Clubs —King, 7.
Hearts —Ace, Queen, 5.
Diamonds—King, 10, 5, 3.

The players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given above, A and B being partners against X and Z. The index (♠) denotes the card led, and the asterisk indicates the card that wins the trick.

Score—A B, 2; X Z, Love.

X turns up the Nine of Spades.

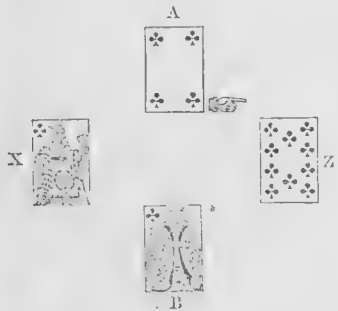
TRICK 1.



TRICK 1.—A B, 1; X, Z, 0.

This is a hopelessly bad lead, thoroughly in accordance with the style of the old school of Whist. The partner, if tolerably strong in Trumps, immediately proceeds to draw them, and then returns the lead, fully expecting to find the original leader with at least five cards of the suit. Had A led instead the Knave of Hearts, as he ought to have done, they must have won the game, as a little examination will show.

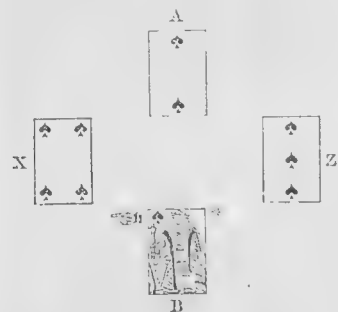
TRICK 2.



TRICK 2.—A B, 2; X Z, 0.

X, having all the remaining Clubs, plays a false card, the Queen (the Ten having fallen from his partner's hand), in the hopes of inducing B to believe that his partner A holds the other five cards of the suit.

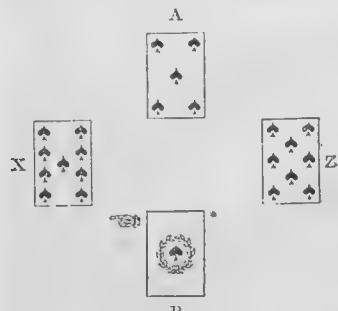
TRICK 3.



TRICK 3.—A B, 3; X Z, 0.

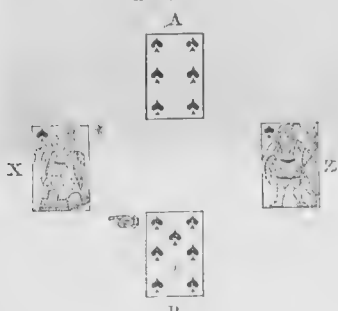
B, on getting in, naturally supposes his partner to hold at least five Clubs (having led the Ace, and followed with a small one), and being well guarded himself in both Diamonds and Hearts, and having four Trumps to two Honours, as a matter of course leads Trumps.

TRICK 4.



TRICK 4.—A B, 4; X Z, 0.

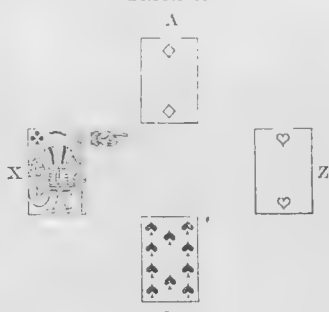
TRICK 5.



TRICK 5.—A B, 4; X Z, 1.

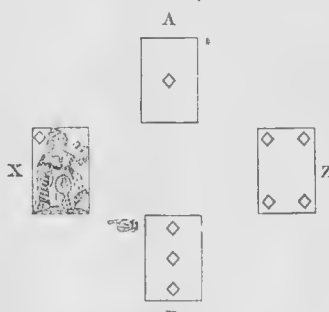
B continues the Trump suit. The Nine, Eight, and Five having fallen to the previous trick, there is a fair chance of the Queen and Knave falling together, unless they are both held by one of the adversaries.

TRICK 6.



TRICK 6.—A B, 5; X Z, 1.

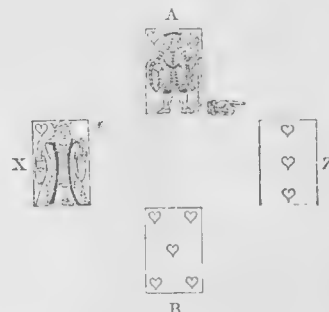
TRICK 7.



TRICK 7.—A B, 6; X Z, 1.

B opens his strongest suit.

TRICK 8.



TRICK 8.—A B, 6; X Z, 2.

B ought not to have finessed the Heart. He ought to have taken his partner's Knave, and led the King of Diamonds.

TRICKS 9, 10, 11 and 12.

X leads the four winning Clubs.

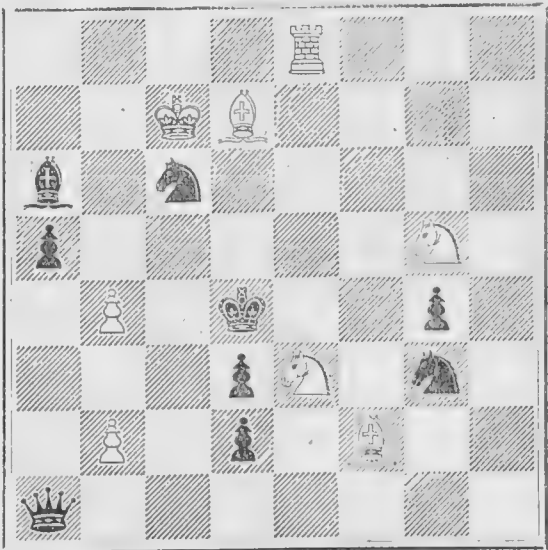
Trick 13 is won by A, B, who win the odd trick only.

Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 43.

From Messrs. Pierce's "Supplement to Chess Problems."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 41.

WHITE. 1. P to Kt 7. 2. Q to Q 4 (ch). 3. P Queens (dis. ch and mate). BLACK. K to K 4th. K takes Q. The other variations are obvious.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS received from A. B., W. W., Sigma, A. J. H., I. S. T., F. Stoker, and A. Weldon.

H. J. L.—Your proposed solution of Problem No. 39 will not effect the mate. Look at the position again.

Sigma.—The Westminster Papers, the City of London Chess Magazine, and the Chess-Players' Chronicle. The last named is published in York.

F. STOKER.—Thanks for the Problems.

The annexed pretty Game was played some time ago between Mr. Bird and the late Mr. De Vere.

[RUY LOPEZ.]

WHITE (Mr. B.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. B to Q Kt 5. 4. P to Q 4. 5. P to K 5. 6. Castles. 7. Kt takes P. 8. Q takes Kt. 9. P to K B 4. 10. P to K B 5 (b). BLACK (De V.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to Q B 3. 3. Kt to K B 3. 4. P takes P. 5. Kt to K 5. 6. B to K 2. 7. Kt takes Kt. 8. Kt to Q B 4 (a). 9. P to Q Kt 3. 10. Kt to Q Kt 6. WHITE (Mr. B.) 11. Q to K Kt 4. 12. Q takes K Kt P. 13. P to B 6. 14. K to R sq. 15. P to K 6 (c). 16. P takes B P (ch). 17. R to K sq (ch). 18. Q to K Kt 5 (ch). 19. P to K B 7. MATE. BLACK (De V.) 1. Kt takes R. 2. R to K B sq. 3. B to B 4 (ch). 4. Kt takes Q B P. 5. Kt to Q 5. 6. R takes P. 7. B to K 2. 8. R takes Kt. 9. R to K B sq. 10. P to K B 7. MATE.

NOTES.

(a) This move is more effective when the Bishop has been driven to Q R 4 by P to Q R 3.

(b) Mr. Bird walks boldly into his opponent's snare, being quite willing to give up a Rook for such an attack as he now obtains.
(c) Beautifully played. If Black take Pawn with Pawn, White mates in four moves.

The following Game was recently played at Philadelphia between the two well-known American amateurs, Messrs. Delmar and Elson.

[PETROFF'S DEFENCE.]

WHITE (Mr. D.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. Kt takes K P. 4. Kt to K B 3. 5. P to Q 4. 6. B to Q 3. 7. Castles. 8. P to Q B 4. 9. Kt to Q B 3. 10. P takes Q P. BLACK (Mr. E.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. P to Q 3. 4. Kt takes K P. 5. P to Q 4. 6. B to K 2 (a). 7. Castles. 8. Kt to K B 3 (b). 9. B to K Kt 5. 10. Kt takes P. WHITE (Mr. D.) 11. P to K R 3. 12. B takes R P (ch). 13. Kt to Kt 5 (ch). 14. Q to Q 3 (ch). 15. Kt to K 6. 16. Kt takes Kt (d). 17. Kt takes B (ch). 18. Kt takes K B 4 (ch). 19. Kt takes B (dis. ch). and Black resigned.

NOTES.

(a) This move is generally given as Black's best reply at this point; but B to Q 3 or Kt to Q B 3 is equally good.

(b) The correct reply. The Knight is badly posted at K 5.

(c) He ought to have taken Knight with Knight, and then retired his Bishop to K 3.

(d) The situation is picturesque. If Black capture either Knight, he clearly loses his Queen.

PROPOSED NOVEL MATCH.—There is some talk of a match at chess between twenty players, past and present, of the two Universities and the same number of the City of London Chess Club.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY CHESS MATCH.—This annual match will probably take place, as usual, on the evening of Friday, March 19, being the day before the boat-race; but at present no definite arrangements have been arrived at.

IRISH ATHLETICS.—NO. II.

In our last article on "Athletics in Ireland" we spoke of football being a comparative failure. We are now about to write on Irish athletic sports, which are anything but a failure. Though introduced into the country only a short time ago, they have become so popular that we hear of athletic sports in almost every large town and in many country places. The interest evinced in the competition by the country people is intense, thousands coming from great distances to watch the sport; and so great is their anxiety to see every bit of every race that ropes and barriers are almost powerless to keep the course. Their ideas of athletics are extending; until a few years ago their only sports were throwing and slinging heavy weights, the three jumps taken with a stone in each hand, a hop, step, and jump, and a long jump. A race was a thing of rare occurrence, and fair play between the competitors a still more rare event. The race was generally a long one, and it was usually run along a road crowded with spectators. To win such a race required more the cunning of Ulysses than the swiftness of Achilles. It occasionally happened that one of the runners was ridden down, and the crowd that followed the leading man rendered it quite impossible for the rest of the field to come up to him.

About fifteen years ago the Dublin University Athletic Club was first started. It was for some time the only athletic club in Ireland. Almost at once it became a great success. With its ground in the heart of a large city, most of the members belonging to that city, the meetings of the club grew rapidly into favour. They are now the largest of their kind in the world. Last year, we are informed, 20,000 persons attended in one day, and in former years even larger numbers have been known to attend. The young University men who had witnessed the success of their college sports were not slow to introduce them elsewhere. There and then, throughout the country, meetings on the model of the University sports were held and clubs formed, which have been in the main successful. At present the number of athletic clubs in Ireland is very considerable. But, although these sports are now fifteen years old in the sister country, it was only last year that the first running-path was laid down. For this improvement the Irish Champion Athletic Club (to whom we wish all success), and particularly Mr. Dunlop, the energetic secretary, deserve the greatest credit. Remembering these facts, we must see that it is idle for us as yet to compare the performances of the Irish, who run on grass, and the English, who run on running-paths; and it is equally unfair to judge of the quality of grass-runners from their first performances on the path. Anyone who has tried both knows that a considerable alteration in the style of running must be made before any advantage can be taken out of the path. We were therefore agreeably surprised by the performances of the Dublin men who competed at the English Champion Meeting last spring, when, amongst other things, Mr. Davin jumped 5ft 10in. But our surprise was still greater when we learned that Mr. Davies, who won the champion 100 yards, and who was looked upon as the best long-jumper in the world, was beaten in both these events at the Dublin University sports. In the 100-yards (on grass), by Mr. Ogilvie, whom he had twice beaten on the path, and in the long jump by Mr. Lane, who won at 23ft 1 in (the greatest amateur jump on record).

These were great performances on the part of the Dublin University men, and we expected to find that in other events they would be equally good. We were disappointed, however. In everything except the jumps, the short flat races, and the long hurdle-races, the times were bad.

No doubt the grass had something to say to this. The further one has to run the more grass tells, and in the end of a long race is as killing to a tired athlete as a ploughed field to a wearied steeplechaser. But we cannot allow the grass to be a sufficient excuse, for we have often seen miles run on grass in less than 4min 40sec by amateurs not quite in the first flight. Let us even judge these men by their own performances. On looking through the back numbers of Lawrence's "Guide," we find that Mr. Courtenay, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Farren have all run miles in less than 4min 40sec on grass; and yet these very men, at the great meetings of the year, are satisfied with winning the mile in 4min 50sec, and the two miles in 10min 30sec. The short hurdle-running is bad. For many years we have only seen two men in Ireland who stepped their hurdles properly. The old hopping step is still the fashion; and, as it is impossible to hop the ten hurdles in less than 17sec, we never read of its being done in less time in Ireland.

The walking is slow—seven miles in 62min or 63min; but we do not like to pass any judgment on it, as walking on grass must be walking under difficulties.

The long hurdle-races of 440 yards, over 15 flights, and 600 yards, over 25 flights, bring out some very good running. These races are peculiar to Dublin, and therefore we cannot institute any comparisons; but we are inclined to think them very good races, as they test a man in speed and endurance, as well as in activity, and we should like to see them freely introduced into this country.

The weight-throwing is good with the heavy weights—bad with the 16lb. The hammer-throwing is bad, as it is little practised. Having gone through the programme, we will



HUNTING IN BURGUNDY.



SCENE FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT THE GAIETY.

make a few general remarks. We said before that the grass course was not a sufficient reason for the bad times of some of the races; and, as a proof of the statement, we gave in evidence the performances elsewhere of the very men of whom we were speaking. But there is a reason—which we are now coming to—which is quite sufficient to account for the whole thing, and that is the institution of championships. We will not go so far as to say that championships are altogether bad, for undoubtedly a man who can do a great many things well is to be preferred to a man who can only do one thing very well; and so far as championship encourages such a breed of men it is a good institution.

But, unfortunately, it has other results. The times suffer, and the number of men who are brought out every year is seriously diminished by it.

Once a man has achieved any fame as a runner he becomes ambitious for the championship. He is no longer satisfied with winning his own races well; he longs to increase his score. Winning his own race becomes a secondary matter. If it comes first he tries to win it, so as to take as little as possible out of himself. On the other hand, if the race which he runs best is the last on the card, he is probably tired before he starts, and, do what he can, he is not able to make good time.

The past records of the Dublin University sports abundantly prove the truth of these remarks. We find the names of Quirke, Wilson, Martin, Miller, Courtenay, entered for almost every event; starting in about one half, and winning five, six, or seven races. Follow these names and see what they can do when they are tied down to one race. Observe their performances at some strangers' race elsewhere, and we shall find their miles run in 10 secs faster, and everything else run proportionably quicker. The badness of the times, then, at the D.U.A.S. is mainly owing to this institution of championship. The competition, too, is kept down by the encouragement which it holds out to the veterans to go on running until they win the championship. Young men are afraid of being made fools of. When they see the names of two or three cracks down for a race they are afraid to enter for it. They will scratch at the post sooner than be left, as they imagine they will be, half a lap behind.

Look at the number of entries for the Dublin University sports for 1874. How miserably small they are! The starters, again, were a mere fraction of these. But when we see first-class men like Courtenay and Miller winning almost every race between them, year after year, it ought not to be a matter of surprise. Of course it will be said that this is all owing to the want of pluck of the gibs, and that if there were large numbers of freshmen running in each race it would be impossible for these old hands to win more than two or three races. There is a great deal of truth in this, but we must take people as we find them. It is natural enough for men to be timid about running before 20,000 people if they think they have not the ghost of a chance of winning; and, as this is part of the nature of young men, it is wiser to change the programme of college races to suit them than to attempt to change their nature. For these reasons we unhesitatingly and emphatically condemn championships. Before leaving this subject, we ought just to mention a peculiar form of championship which we have met with in Ireland. The races we speak of are handicap races, yet the winner of the largest number of events, no matter whether he be limit man or scratch man, in every race is declared champion. The absurdity of this compromise is so obvious that comment is needless.

What we would suggest as the sure means of greatly improving Irish running is, in the first place, to abolish championships; or, if a score is to be kept, let the judges at the end of each race say how much the winner is to get for it. A quarter run in 60 secs, should not count as much as a half-mile in 2 min, and yet at present it does. A race won in first-class time ought to score as much as two in middling time. If this hint is attended to, it will make the men step out. In the second place, to institute freshmen's sports, which should come off at a different time of the year. By this means that old barrier funk, which prevents so many from running at the big sports, would be removed; men would soon find out their powers, and by the time the University sports came off they would be dying to run instead of dying of funk.

There is one other incentive which, more than any other, makes men do their best, and compels them to find out who their best men are in each event, and afterwards to make the most of them, and that is competition. If the Inter-varsity sports did not exist—if the only races at Oxford and Cambridge were the college races—the running there, instead of being the best in England, would probably be very much the same as it is anywhere else. Unfortunately for the Dublin University, there is no sister University in Ireland, and no other rival at all worthy of its steel. We have been informed that, some five or six years ago, the Dublin University sent a challenge to Oxford and Cambridge to meet them at any time or place on the running-path. This challenge was refused, on the grounds that, 1, the races could not be run at the same time of year as the Inter-varsity sports; and 2, that it was impossible to get the Englishmen to train twice in the year. No doubt these excuses were good ones. It is also obvious that the English Universities would not increase their reputations by beating the Irish University; while, on the other hand, if they were beaten—certainly a most improbable event—they would lose a great deal of prestige. No man cares to stake £1000 against nothing. We can, therefore, understand the unwillingness of Oxford and Cambridge to enter into such contests. But, nevertheless, we should be glad to see Dublin competing with Oxford and Cambridge, for we believe that such a competition would enormously improve Irish athletics.

We should then see very little of championship-hunting, for the summit of a man's ambition would be not to gain the belt, but to beat the Englishman in one event, or at the outside in two. For many years Dublin would be well beaten, and it would always fight at considerable disadvantage, for there is none of that competition between different colleges which draws out every man of any merit at Oxford and Cambridge; and in the point of numbers Dublin is considerably weaker than either Oxford or Cambridge; but in spite of this inferiority they have won races at Henley against the best boats at Oxford and Cambridge, and we do not look upon it as an improbable event that they might, once in a way, beat Oxford and Cambridge on the running path.

ALDERSHOTT STEEPLECHASES.—The Aldershott fixture has been altered from April 15 to April 27.

WETHERBY STEEPLECHASES.—These annual steeplechases will be held on Easter Monday, March 29, over the old course.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather on Saturday, there was a long afternoon's sport at Preston, where some of the best rocks ever bred were flown for several £1 sweepstakes, the chief competitors being Captain Harrison; Mr. Ebdon, Mr. G. Beard, Mr. Carington, Mr. Fuller, Mr. Seaton, and Mr. S. Beard. To-day (Saturday) there will be an optional sweepstakes at five birds, in addition to the £1 events at three each.

THE CHASE IN BURGUNDY.

BURGUNDY is a country much favoured by nature. It has its vineyards and pretty girls. But its forests are the paradise of sportsmen seeking emotions of adventure in a civilised country. The scenery is romantic, the ground is rugged and unequal, and the wild creatures of the woods are difficult to capture. To many people there is in ordinary hunting a lack of resistance on the part of the game. Now, anyone desirous of finding a reasonable amount of peril in his field pleasures may satisfy his craving at little expense and moderate trouble. Let him, instead of going to the tropics, stop at Dijon or Montbard, and join one of the *laissez-courre* which are daily organised there. Our Illustrations give an idea of two species of sport and sportsmen to be found in the wild thickets of Burgundy. No part of France affords more work to amateurs. Each locality has its special chase. In the Morvan Mountains, where the nature of the country and the depth of the glens and ravines might drive equestrians to despair, it is the *chasse à l'affût*. Few stags and chevreuils frequent those parts. The wild boar is the king of the Morvan wilderness. Sometimes the animal abandons his favourite hills and comes down into the plain; but ordinarily he remains quiet in his secluded den until the dogs hunt him out and force him to rush within shot of the chasseurs, who wait for him at places fixed in advance. The Nivèrre is the mother country of foxes and wolves, and the hounds of the Duke of Beaufort are well known there; but in a certain part of Burgundy only, in the neighbourhood of Dijon, are stags to be found in abundance. The greater portion of these forests belong to the State, and are familiar to the surrounding *seigneurs du pays*, tenants of feudal castles, whose only distraction is the chase, and to the more democratic poacher, who dispenses with license and packs, and makes more havoc than orthodox sportsmen themselves.

Burgundy stags are uncommonly fierce, and, when pushed to the last extremity, turn on the dogs and huntsmen with more deliberation and fury than the wild boar. For this reason special precautions are taken before the hunt by the disciples of St. Hubert. A *laissez-courre* is about to take place; well-mounted sportsmen assemble before dawn. The pack is generally composed of a French breed called *bracqués*, especially used for stag and boar hunt. The woods are not thick enough to prevent the horses galloping. The beginning of the chase is pleasant enough; but the stag forthwith proceeds to give work to the pack, tries one sly trick after another, devises false tracks, crosses moats and bogs, and, when closely pressed, invariably takes the direction of a pool, and, according to his good or bad humour, drowns himself or turns on the pack and holds his ground. He rushes towards the most forward dogs and makes them pay *pour les autres*. At times he clears the pack at a tremendous bound and makes for the sportsmen. It is then that skill and *sangfroid* become necessary. The stag rushes headlong on the horses, and frequently does it happen that one or several of the horses are gored.

Our first Illustration represents the most exciting moment of the great chase—the *hallali sur pied*. It is the last episode of the sporting drama. The stag can go no farther, and makes a supreme dying effort; the huntsman is close at hand, and blows his horn to gather around him the straggling followers; the leader of the pack is almost abreast of the staggering beast, and gives it greater impetus. The stag bounds at a furious pace in the thickest part of the forest, and, as usual, shapes his course for a pool where, in tranquil and happier times, he was wont to quench his thirst without death in attendance behind. It is perhaps unnecessary to say a few descriptive words of the spot sketched by the Artist. The Fontaine Sainte Barbe is situated in the Bois de Chaumont, Commune de St. Remi, not far from Tonnerre. This fountain is well known to local sportsmen as the historic scene of many hunting episodes. The stag at bay has gored dogs, horses, and even men, on the brink of this pool, the fantastic weirdness of which is unequalled in the environs. Once a stag found sufficient strength to emerge from the water and attempt to effect his escape. The animal made his way to a steep rock in the vicinity of the Fontaine Sainte Barbe, and tried to ascend it. As it happened, a countrywoman was gathering wood on the rock, and found herself placed in imminent danger. In vain did the huntsman charge the beast to oblige it to change its direction, but to no effect; and, just as the stag had partially succeeded in reaching the affrighted creature, a well-aimed bullet put an end to this scene. Another incident took place, as shown in our Engraving. In this case the stag had repeatedly charged the dogs, and rolled pell-mell with the pack down a declivity; after which, turning again, he had disabled several dogs and made for his watery grave, the Fontaine Sainte Barbe. While in the water a small bull-terrier caught the animal by the throat, and kept its hold until he was drowned. In the most fortunate cases the *hallali* is attended with petty accidents, and when the huntsmen are imprudently close the stag attacks them with redoubled fury.

The subject of our second Illustration is quite as interesting. On one side is the gentleman's sport; on the other is the wily poacher's, whose proceedings are less elaborate but more picturesque. Burgundy owns two species of *braconniers*, the unruly individual, obstinate and obtuse, who, *bon gré, mal gré*, will not recognise the right of the State to interfere in his field pleasures, and poaches not so much for the profit as out of bravado and defiance of the law; and the cunning peasant who sells the produce of his clandestine plunders and takes the whole affair in a commercial point of view. The latter is the most dangerous to the welfare of game. The real, genuine Burgundian *braconnier* seldom makes use of air-guns and traps; his only weapon consists of an antiquated rusty one-barrelled gun, which would be useless in other hands but those of its owner. He takes for companion an ugly-looking dog, nicknamed *Briquet* in French and *Corman* in local patois. This animal—a cross between the spaniel and shepherd's dog—possesses incredible sagacity. He acts as much in the way of sentinel as in a sporting capacity; he searches the bushes that might conceal *gardes chasse*, and warns his master on the slightest notice, not by barking but by mute pantomime. The poacher knows every inch of the locality; all the favourite resorts of stags and boars are familiar to him: he knows beforehand where to find them, and is so certain of capturing his prey that he frequently sells it by anticipation. At the dead of the night he glides noiselessly in the woods, takes his old gun from under some secluded bush—for he never keeps it at home, because of the vigilance of *gardes champêtres*—and repairs, often with a confrère, to a moat, where he is certain to see before long a stag make its appearance. The stag is always on the alert; it emerges cautiously from the thicket, scents the air for a few seconds, and discovers the presence of an enemy. But it is too late, for the poacher has already discharged his piece, and the animal rolls over in agony. As the keepers might be close at hand, the poacher drags the carcass into some glen and buries it. On the following night he steals forth again with an accomplice, who takes the game to the nearest town and disposes of it. The neighbouring peasants generally know the offender; but never has an instance of peaching been recorded in the whole country. Strange to say, most of them abet him, encourage

him, take the game to market, and the rest are prevented from informing by the fear of revenge. It is, besides, in the nature of French peasants to deceive the authorities and frustrate the law as much as they can without danger to themselves.

SPORT IN SPAIN.

THE Spaniards—and more particularly the natives of the southern portion of the Peninsula—take no pleasure in any amusement, unless it be dancing, which causes them fatigue. They are therefore, as a rule, not at all addicted to field sports, as followed by our compatriots. To traverse the heathery mountain during August, in stalking deer and shooting grouse, or to wade through dreary bogs and morasses in the winter, in the hope of killing wild-fowl or bagging snipe, are pleasurable occupations quite beyond their comprehension. Any exercise they do take is on horseback; and the degeneration of the horse in Spain is but proof conclusive that the habit of riding has been gradually abandoned; for, were it practised as in former times, the breeding of the equine race would be more strictly attended to than it now is. The Spanish horse has been celebrated as unequalled for excellence by the ancient Roman historians; and more modern authorities tell us that in their days, when mounted by a "man-at-arms," weighing, with his appointments, some four-and-twenty stone, he was capable of going into action quite unfired, after having performed long and harassing forced marches. In the reign of Philip IV. Spain was said to be capable of furnishing the Government with 70,000 horses fit for military service; while now the paucity of cavalry in the contending armies bears ample testimony to their diminished production. It has been said of the Spaniard "that, give him a woman to make love to, a guitar to accompany himself in his serenades, an orange to cool his thirst, and a brilliant sun to warm him," and you supply him with everything which he considers worth having in this life.

His darling occupation is intrigue, and for indulgence in it he is prepared to risk life and hazard accidents which entail the most unpleasant consequences. The correspondence of an English lady of rank, who travelled in Spain about the middle of the last century, furnishes us with a graphic and most amusing account of the Spanish gallantries of that day, and the mishaps which often befel those who took part in them. She mixed in the Court circle, was personally and intimately acquainted with the principal gallants of the time in Madrid; and, as she gives names freely, we can scarcely doubt the correctness of her statements. It would appear from her epistolary communications to her English lady friends that immorality, carefully concealed from vulgar eyes, then pervaded Spanish society to an incredible extent. Societies of the fair sex were formed, every member being cognisant of the partiality of the others for certain admirers, and lending themselves to the devices resorted to to baffle the suspicions of jealous husbands and to favour the intercourse of faithless wives with their secret lovers. The streets of Madrid were not then lighted at night; there was no sewage, and the offal of each house was cast, after dark, from the windows into the public streets, as the only possible receptacles. Under these circumstances it was not to be wondered at that lovers, patrolling in the vicinity of their mistresses' dwellings, awaiting the exit of their husbands to gain access to the society of their wives, should not unfrequently meet with unpleasant and unsavoury accidents. A certain Don John of the lady of rank's acquaintance was particularly unfortunate on one occasion, having been obliged to return home no less than three times on the same night to change his dress and have himself washed "and well scented," to purge his person of the unpleasant odours of the foul avalanches unintentionally and by haphazard cast upon him. When the richness and cost of the dress then worn by men of quality is remembered, the loss occasioned by such accidents, combined with their unpleasantness, would, we should think, have damped the ardour of any other than a Spanish lover. Such amours were, however, carried on with an amount of secrecy and discretion which prevented public scandal and saved the reputation of the erring ones. The Spanish gallant never addressed his lady-love in public or in society save with the most studied decorum and deference, and never, as a Frenchman habitually does, boasts of his successes, to the utter ruin of his victims. All accounts given by modern travellers lead us to believe that love affairs still occupy almost exclusively, and particularly in the south, the attention of the Spaniards; and that the Spanish ladies, from the "petites" and languishing beauties of Andalusia to the more dashing and dark-haired women of the north, now, as formerly, have recourse to the same expedients as their predecessors to encourage their adorers, and to express their sentiments and intentions by the alphabet of their fans. Our Artist represents two young friends—and, of course, confidants—enjoying the balmy evening of their matchless climate, and rewarding, or preparing to reward, the vocal efforts of their lovers. One is in the act of flinging a bouquet to the sweetheart below at the termination of his serenade, the arrangement of whose flowers or the tiny note concealed in its centre will apprise him of her desires, or name a place of "rendezvous," while the other is busily employed in carefully selecting flowers as emblems of her feelings in anticipation of her loved one's arrival.

Field sports are not prosecuted in Spain with the same perseverance and ardour as with us. The great object of the Spaniard who goes to shoot is to fill his bag and furnish his larder. The small class of birds—from tom-tits to sparrows, thrushes, and blackbirds—are equally valued as the most estimated game, weight and number compensating for want of quality; and yet there is no European country in which game, if adequately protected, would more abound. Some of the great proprietors preserve their estates; but as they rarely visit them themselves—and effeminacy or personal defects, arising from close breeding, prevents their indulgence in what they consider a too laborious exercise—the game on their ill-managed properties never receive the attention which they require from their servants. Game in Spain is legally classed under two catalogues: the "Casa Mayor" includes the large animals, such as deer, wild boars, and chamois. White foxes, hares, rabbits, partridges, sand-grouse, bustards, water-fowl, and every other description of winged game are classed under the head of "Casa Minor." Although but a comparatively few of the great proprietors' estates are preserved—and even they not inadequately—the immense tracts of unpeopled and uncultivated land to be met with in every part of the Peninsula, which are covered with brushwood and coarse grass, furnish admirable breeding-grounds for game; and in their vicinity are to be found in abundance deer, wild boars, and chamois, with red-legged partridges, bustards, sand-grouse, bitterns, woodcocks, and teal in unaccountable numbers. The hares and rabbits are in such multitudes as to almost form a veritable pest. The latter more particularly, which in the time of the Romans was adopted as the emblem of the country—from the enormous quantity of them it produced and exported to Rome, which contributed largely to the food of the people.

It is much to be regretted, for the sake of sportsmen as well

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"THE MONTH OF MARCH," BY GAVARNI.

Sporting Intelligence.

A YEAR ago, in connection with the Grand National Hunt, a great meeting was revived in the classic vale of Aylesbury. Thither flocked all the celebrities of the steeplechase world, and a magnificent reunion was anticipated. How it failed is a matter of history now; not from any want of energy on the part of the promoters; not from any real fault that could be found with the course, although a good many of the feather-bed school of steeplechase riders, that are so much in the ascendant in the present day, fairly funk the fences; not from a want of added money, but from the unwelcome visitation of a most unusual flood, which spread out over the meadows and rendered the going heavy and holding. The casualties were numerous, and the meeting as a whole could not be called a good one. The same promoters of sport, without the alliance of the Grand National Hunt, again tried their hands this year, and, to suit the growing predilection for small countries, the line was slightly altered, and the fences made less formidable; but still the course was a good natural hunting one, and took a good deal of doing. Their efforts have been, unfortunately, unavailing; and from one cause or another, the clerk of the weather being the most to blame, as unsatisfactory a meeting as could possibly be imagined was brought to a conclusion on Saturday afternoon last. Originally advertised to follow the Grand Military at Rugby, a one-day's postponement had to be resorted to in consequence of the heavy fall of snow on Wednesday; and although the enemy quickly disappeared, and although the telegraph-wires were kept constantly at work announcing the fact, and that the going would be good, and the races sure to come off, yet, when we arrived on the scene of action on Friday afternoon, a beggarly display of empty benches on the grand and other stands met our saddened gaze. Across the course a coach or two from the neighbouring University served to make the solitude only more conspicuous, and the aristocratic supporters of cross-country sports were represented by Lords Folkestone, Maidstone, and Parker, Sir R. Harvey, Colonel Harford, Mr. Lee, and some half dozen more. The less said about the racing the better; it commenced with a *fiasco*. Odds were laid on little John, who had only Dainty to oppose him for the Open Hurdle Race, which looked, on paper, or rather on the card, the great event of the day, and, after pulling double to the last hurdle, he suddenly shut up like a musical snuffbox, and the despised Dainty won in a canter by three lengths. Mr. C. S. Newton—who knows every inch of the course, and how to ride over it, too, and no mistake!—next commenced a series of victories very seldom equalled, for he rode in five races during the meeting and was proclaimed the winner of all. The Open Steeplechase ended in a walk-over, for none of the horses hailing from a distance had arrived, except De la Motte and his Lordship, both of whom were pronounced lame; and so Ironclad had only to go to the post to obtain the forfeits. The largest field of the day numbered but four; and the last race, for ponies, was certainly out of place in any steeplechase programme—only two ran for it, and both came to grief, the favourite eventually struggling home alone.

The proceedings on the second day were scarcely more lively; in bitterly cold weather we wearily got through the card, the racing being, as is usual now, diversified with a most silly objection, which took up a good deal of valuable time, and did not appear to improve anybody's temper. In the course of the afternoon a number of yokels charged the palings put up to exclude the *oi polloi* from the ground sacred to those who had paid the conventional shilling, and for a time there was some brisk skirmishing; but at length the assailants were driven back, with considerable loss to their appearance if not to their numbers, for they were discomfited chiefly through the violent attacks of a man with a long brush that he had been decorating the palings with, but which, frequently dipped in the tar bucket, he used as a most effective weapon of assault and defence. In the interest of the racing community at large I must have a few words about the unprincipled and dishonest conduct of the London and North-Western Railway Company's officials.

In all the papers special trains were advertised to leave Euston about eleven a.m., and arrive at Aylesbury in time for the races. This part of the compact was carried out; but the advertisement further stated that a train would leave Aylesbury at 6 p.m. and arrive at Euston at 7.30 p.m. This most essential part of their contract they evaded altogether; they ran no special train at all. They brought us up with the milk, and they landed us, almost starved to death and dinnerless, at our destination at 9.15 on each evening. Numbers of irate passengers threatened to take proceedings against the company, but probably, after having slept on it, they thought better. It is, however, an intolerable nuisance; and it would be worth while to inquire if railway companies who hold out such inducements to travellers cannot be compelled to keep their engagements or else be made to pay for the inconvenience they cause.

Late on Saturday the frost set in again, and the roads and fields were as hard as iron on Sunday. The 5 p.m. express from Euston was nevertheless well patronised by the early birds on their way to the Grand Military at Rugby, who were horribly taken aback on their arrival when received by the clerk of the course with positive assurances that the races would have to be again postponed. The George was the centre of attraction all the evening, and the opinions of all who had visited the course during the day anxiously listened to. Before breakfast time next morning the few stewards who could be unearthed decided to postpone once more, and Rugby soon began to assume its wonted dullness. The streets were nearly empty, the steps of the George had lost their last tenant, the cabmen shivered on the rank, and a half-frozen old card-woman was the sole occupant of the footway, when the echoes were awakened with the sound of a horn, and the square was instantly alive again as Lord Spencer drove up his coach, with Lord Droghda, Lord Downe, Lord George Paget, Capt. Middleton, &c., as his passengers. The little excitement was soon over, however; the coach was taken round to the yard, and its occupants were shortly afterwards passing away the time inspecting Mr. Darby's stables, the horses they contained, and discussing the good things of this life, with which his hospitable mahogany was heavily freighted.

Notwithstanding the hideous inclemency of the weather, there was a fair attendance of both bookmakers and backers at the clubs and Tattersall's on Monday, when the great Hurdle Race at Croydon was the chief centre of speculation, for which Barton came into great favour; and Houghton, when it was known that R. Marsh would be on his back, divided with him and Rufina the honours of first favouritism, each being backed at 6 to 1. Frank was uncommonly shaky; and one speculator was heard to exclaim that the horse was so lame he would not be able to walk on to the course. A score seems to be the usual number to figure in the Monday's markets for the Lincolnshire Handicap, for quite those many were backed at one time or other of the day, at prices varying from 100 to 8, at which the Truth gelding and Thuringian Prince found sup-

port, to four or five times those odds against St. Patrick, Princess Theresa, &c. Kaiser was in request when anything more than 100 to 7 could be obtained; and the French champion, Enchanteur II., and Lady Patricia were nearly and equally fancied at 15 to 1. Vril still seems good business; and somebody keeps backing The Gunner—a horse with a very forlorn chance, I should imagine. I need not refer to the others, and a very few words are requisite for the full description of the rest of the mercantile transactions on the sporting stock exchange. Camballo, who, by the bye—according to the volume of the "Racing Calendar," one hundred and third (just having made its welcome appearance)—has nineteen engagements to get through, does not appear to be quite such a rage, and Craig Millar is rapidly getting up the ladder of public estimation in the betting on the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes.

There was not one single wager recorded on the Grand National, and Vintner and Berserker were the only animals in demand for the Bristol Steeplechase. The Derby betting was confined to a most select few. Holy Friar still maintains his pride of place as first favourite, with very little to spare over Galopin. Camballo was slightly in *nubibus* for this race also, but Craig Millar and Garterley Bell met with substantial favour whenever 20 to 1 was offered; and my quondam pet, Roland Grème, whom I by no means intend to desert in his troubles, would have been backed at 25 to 1 if the layers had dared to offer the price. The Chester Cup and the City and Suburban were never mentioned, and appear to be as little thought of as though these two great spring handicaps were postponed until the beginning of the next century.

The stations at the metropolitan termini of all the lines which converge on Croydon were scenes of considerable bustle and excitement on Tuesday morning; and, although in London it looked all 1000 to 1 against racing, still the officials did not telegraph that the meeting was postponed until long after most of the *royaleurs* had taken their departure; and at the various West-End clubs the news of an adjournment did not arrive until past luncheon-time, which intelligence, in more cases than one, was conveyed by the hapless disappointed. Surely, when the would-be travellers to the Grand Military Meeting, on Monday, were duly warned at Euston before ten a.m. not to proceed further, we had a right to expect that the Croydon authorities should give us more timely warning. Such procrastination is not sound policy; and those who paid railway fares on a fruitless errand may most probably be found missing as subscribers at the gates when their presence is really required.

The frost having slightly abated, and there being no return of snow, the meeting at Croydon was commenced, on Wednesday afternoon, under circumstances of the most cheerless character. The course had to be brush-harrowed to clear it of its wintry garb; the cutting north-easter penetrated the folds of the thickest Ulsters; and, notwithstanding the prestige of the Grand International Hurdle-Race, the company was decidedly below the average; and a more uncomfortable afternoon has rarely been spent on the Woodside pastures or anywhere else. Racing began, rather late in the day, with a Selling Hurdle-Race, for which all the seven entered went to the post. Very soon after starting Marsh took Physician to the front, and before they had gone a mile was leading by quite twenty lengths; but, ascending the hill for home, was caught by Empress Eugénie, who got the best of it at the bottom of the stands, but was eventually beaten after a very good race, none of the others being near. For the Stewards' Plate only a quartet of the baker's dozen ran—Lord Marcus Beresford's Breach of Promise, ridden by Jones, being thought very highly of, her owner riding Don Ricardo, hailing from the same stable, and St. Clair and Hearty Girl were the other two. St. Clair came to grief at the water-jump, and Don Ricardo, who had been fencing in the most slovenly manner, fell at the fence by the farm-yard, and Lord Beresford had a very lucky escape, as he could not get his feet out of the stirrups, and would have been dragged, only that "the Don" was quite pumped out, and delighted to stand still. The race then looked at the mercy of Breach of Promise; but the Irish mare, sticking to him with the greatest gameness, won, after a good set-to, by rather a short neck. An hour was then allowed for preparations for the Grand Hurdle Race, for which, with remarkable promptitude, twenty jockeys were quickly weighed out, but only nineteen went to the post, as Miss Orton pulled up lame after taking her preparatory canter, and did not run. The race may be very shortly described. Dilatory made most of the running for a mile and a half, when he was done with, and Industrious and Barton, singling themselves out from the rest, ran a good race home, resulting in the clever victory of the former. Hippias was a moderate third, and nothing else was within hail. Marsh scored his second victory in Mr. Baltazzi's colours on Loriot in a Maiden Hurdle Race, and a steeplechase won by the veteran Silvermere brought the sports to a close. On Thursday the chief item was the United Kingdom Grand Steeplechase, which Lancet won by a dozen lengths, beating eight others.

The postponed meeting at Rugby will be brought off, weather permitting, after this is in the printer's hands; and next week the whole of the lovers of chasing will be collected at Bristol, where our Conservative Clerk of the Course has issued a most voluminous programme; but, in the present state of uncertainty as regards matters meteorological, I must refrain from any anticipatory remarks, for the long period of enforced idleness which most of the candidates have enjoyed makes the task of picking winners more difficult than ever. RUGBY.

Football.

YORK v. BRADFORD.—The return match between these clubs was played at York on Saturday last, and ended, like the first match, in a draw, slightly in favour of Bradford, by five rouges to one rouge. Bradford lost the toss; and Garnett kicked off at 3.35. The ball was well returned; and the first scrimmage took place on neutral ground. Bradford were then driven back, and, after some very exciting mauls close in front of the posts, York drove the ball over the line and Bradford had to touch-down in self-defence. The ball was brought out into play, but it soon came back again, and when half-time was called it was close to the Bradford goal. After ends were changed York, playing against the wind, which had risen a good deal, were for a time completely penned, and obliged to touch-down five times in self-defence, chiefly through the magnificent kicks at goal made by Garnett from fair catches. Towards the end of the game R. H. Christison made a very fine run, and passed back to Braithwaite, who got up to the twenty-five yards' flag, where the ball remained until time was called. Players—York: A. Christison (captain); Glaisby, Smith, Jolly, Wilson, Mackenzie, C. Singleton, Aitkin, Inman, and Hamsell (forwards); W. E. Christison and J. W. Braithwaite (half-backs); H. Singleton (three-quarter-back); W. H. Waddington and R. H. Christison (backs). Bradford: Garnett (captain), Rawson, Coulson, W. Priestman, Greenhaigh, Godwin, Watson, and Richardson (forwards); Reg. Mills and R. Mills (half-backs); Ablett (three-quarter-back); A. Priestman and Drury (backs).

Billiards.

PLAYERS seem to be reserving their energies for next week, and at the time of writing we have little to record. On Tuesday Stanley played a match of 1000 up for £100; but as it was, by express desire, a private affair, we are precluded from giving an account of it. His opponent received a start of 400, and, as he was said to be in the habit of making a hundred or so off the balls, he seemed to have a fair chance. Probably he would have showna very differently against some one of his own weight; but on this occasion we are bound to say that his form was about equal to that of a fourth-rate amateur, and "one consecutive spot" appeared to be the extent of his powers. As might have been expected under the circumstances, he was caught at 530, and Stanley, who never got up to the top of the table without making a "century," won with ridiculous ease. On the following evening Stanley and Taylor played at the Middlesex Music-Hall, Drury-lane. They began slowly, owing to the bad light; but, when this was rectified, both proved in capital form. Taylor made breaks of 202 and 179; and Stanley, who eventually won by 47 points, put together three or four contributions of more than a hundred.

Turning to the future, we may expect some grand performances at the on Monday and Tuesday next. As we stated last week, Taylor and Stanley have been in strict training, in Essex, in company with D. Richards. They have been doing a great deal of walking exercise; and the "old 'un," as they irreverently term the aspirant for the pyramid championship, is popularly supposed to "lead work." After about three days, however, the pace proved too strong for him, and at the finish of a gallop which we witnessed, Stanley was winning as he liked, with the "old 'un," evidently very shinsore, a bad third. Their proceedings are naturally watched with the greatest interest by the natives and the local marker, solely on the strength of the wrinkles he thinks he has picked up from them, has entered into a level match with a neighbouring marker who can give him at least thirty in a hundred. The result of his observations may be judged from what he was heard to say to an acquaintance: "There don't seem much in it, William; all I've got to do is to take a lot o' walking and play a game of cards they calls Napoleon for about eight hours a day. Then look at these 'ere. Them's Cockle's pills. They gives the young gentleman—Stanley his name is—a rare lot o' these; and don't he make spot strokes—just!"

Reverting to more serious matters, we have seen Richards play some grand games of pyramids lately, and, if it is too much to expect him to beat Cook on Monday, we feel sure that he will make a very creditable fight of it. Taylor and Stanley are also in rare form, and will take a great deal of catching. The former made upwards of 600 in two breaks in a game last week, and Stanley never gets on the spot without making considerable impression on the score. Cook and Roberts are still favourites; but 5 to 4 seems as much as anyone cares to lay on them. The Guildhall Tavern, Gresham-street, will be the scene of both matches. We append a list of fixtures:—

MARCH.

- 8.—W. Cook, jun. (Champion), and D. Richards play for the Pyramid Championship at the Guildhall Tavern.
9.—W. Cook and J. Roberts, jun., give T. Taylor and S. W. Stanley 300 in 1500, for £200 a side, at the Guildhall Tavern.
11.—T. Taylor and S. W. Stanley, Alfred Bennett's Rooms, Birmingham.
15.—W. Cook and W. Timbrell, the latter receiving 350 in 1000, for £100 a side, at the Bush Hotel, Deansgate, Manchester.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

On Monday the following sales of blood stock took place at Tattersall's:—

THE PROPERTY OF MR. J. PEDDIE.		Gs.
Br f, 2 yrs, by Brother to Bird on the Wing out of Punishment	Mr. Potter	22
DRUMHEAD, b c, 2 yrs, by Drummer out of Refreshment	Mr. Jarvis	50
B g, 3 yrs, by Soapstone out of Lady Bank	Mr. Woodham	20
HUXLEY, b c, 3 yrs, by Lecturer out of Janus	Mr. Wingfield	145
Sir ARTHUR, b c, 4 yrs, by Arthur Wellesley out of Volt	Mr. Wheeler	41
SHOWDOWN, ch m, 5 yrs, by Charlton out of Emerald	Mr. Blunt	145
MENDIP, ch h, 5 yrs, by Lord Clifden out of Humming Bird	Mr. Riddell	110
MISCELLANEOUS.		
LADY RECKLESS (sister to Scamp), b f, 3 yrs, by The Rake out of Queen of Hearts	Mr. King	10
BRENDA, b m, by Buccaneer out of Famine; covered by Macgregor	Mr. Lant	50
LILLYWHITE, 5 yrs, by Cape Flyaway out of Stockade	Mr. Tomlin	51

Reviews.

Daily's Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.—The March number is freighted with its usual cargo of amusing and interesting articles connected with sport. The frontispiece of Sir R. Bateson Harvey, Bart., M.P., is a telling likeness; and from the biography which follows we learn that when the Prince of Wales, in 1869, gave up his harriers, it is probable that, if Sir Robert had not come forward and purchased them, the pack would have been lost to the county. He bought them, at Tattersall's; but his Royal Highness, with the princely liberality that is his characteristic, returned Sir Robert the cheque, and through him presented the pack to the country over which they hunted. Among the many excellent sporting articles that are contained in this serial, that upon Coursing and the Waterloo Cup, by "Sirius," is especially worthy of notice. "The Van," too, is as brilliant as ever, and from it we extract the following anecdotes:—

Scene: covert-side, with the Grove.—Young Swell: "Is that a good horse you are on, Morgan?" "Yes; he is a very good one, Sir." "I don't like his head." "Happen you won't see much of it if hounds run quick to-day." Swell collapsed.

How few would believe that dear old Jack Russell attained threescore and twenty on Dec. 1 last! An intimate friend, commenting upon the fact, narrated the following incident:—He had offered to come and take Sunday's duty some thirty to forty miles off, if an exchange of the day's labour could be effected; and, finding a parson ready, he planted himself—of course, not quite by accident—within a mile of next day's meet with the "Wild Stagers." The parish clerk said to the old sportsman, "Doo 'e now tell us another time as you're a-comin', an' I'll giv' yer Honour a bit of a 'ymn as is just sure to suit 'e—I mean, 'As pants the 'art for cooling streams when 'eated in the chase.'" Doubtless this kind attention was duly appreciated.

During the recent Christmas holidays a schoolboy was out with the North Pychley (Mr. Watson's), of which pack we need not inform our readers, Fred Percival, of hereditary fame, is the efficient huntsman. Landing over an awkward fence, his horse made a nasty "peck," shooting Fred out of the saddle; but, after frantic efforts, he struggled back into the pignskin. The youngster, looking on, laughed loud and long; upon which the huntsman asked, "Are you jeering at me, Sir?" "Of course," replied the boy. "Well, then, you keep your place and I'll keep mine." "So I can," said the boy; "but I didn't know yours was between your horse's ears." This youth is evidently beginning to run alone.

TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS FOR HORSES.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Hell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—JOHN SCOTT. N.B.—The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder; may be had of all Chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[Advrt.]

ASSAULT AT ARMS AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

On Saturday night, the 27th ult., an assault at arms took place at the above hall, in the presence of a large audience, composed in a large measure of lovers of professional athletics and veteran patrons of the happily defunct P. R. The affair had been got up for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Harry Allen Reed, in his day one of the best pedestrians that ever ran. Indeed, we rather think that his "time" over a favourite distance has never been beaten. For some time after his retirement from what may be termed "the profession" he was connected with the *Sporting Life* in the capacity of reporter and referee; and subsequently, after withdrawing from that journal, he became an occasional contributor to the daily press. The assault at arms, the *Sporting Life* is "happy to state, was successfully carried out, and included fencing by non-commissioned officers of the 2nd Life Guards, Corporals James, Barber, Blackburn, and Trooper Ottaway; wrestling was exemplified by J. Graham, Johnson, Hunton, and Beeby; Indian clubs by that accomplished American, Mr. McLaughlin; gymnastics by Messrs. T. and W. Cook and J. Esden; and boxing by C. Davis, Bat Mullins, Abe Daltrey, Alec. Lawson, Hundreds, and Messrs. Taylor and Barley; all giving their services gratuitously. The treat of the evening, however, was the introduction by Albert Austin of Jem Mace and Joe Goss, the former travelling from Liverpool and the latter from Wolverhampton to aid the cause. Mace exhibited a handsome belt presented to him in America, and also the English Champion belt, and he and Goss then delighted the spectators with a display of their powers." Our Artist has chosen for illustration "The treat of the evening." There was a period when a Mace's, or even a Goss's, appearance upon the stage would have called forth vociferous cheers from an audience eager for the fray; but we are no longer Corinthians, and it is more satisfactory to us that an athlete like Mace is engaged in exhibitions of this kind than in obliterating the features of a Stalybridge Infant.

DABLERS IN ART.

Putting aside all the detraction, the misconception, and the uncharitableness to which the art-world is subjected, there is one evil which the artistes suffer from more than any other body of workers. I allude to that pestilent tribe, the "dabblers in art." These people generally form the refuse of society: idle and conceited people, with ill-regulated minds. People who have no soul, no heart, no enthusiasm; none of the higher nature and delicate refinement that distinguish the born artiste. They look upon art as an elegant amusement; or they join its ranks because they think it is a gayer world, with more freedom of life and moral laxity. They espouse the cause of art because they think an artiste passes an easy, jovial, don't-care life. When the Rubicon is passed they find out their mistake; they discover that art, instead of being a mere amusement, is a life study. They are utterly unfitted, either by native talents or force of energy, to become artistes; they can never really become true artists, and they generally turn into idle, loose, good-for-nothings, who pass for artistes, and daub the profession by which they earn a living, and which alone gives them an air of importance and respectability. Hosts of people imagine that they can write, and become authors and critics, and this with the idea of its being an easy, careless way of making a living, and so they act up to their motto; they never study, never know a tenth part of the anxiety or feverish enthusiasm that fills the bosom of a true artiste. But they take a high tone and write in a grandiloquent style, abuse everything they do not understand, take a general view of all things connected with their subject by a vicious system of generalising from particulars, and condemn or praise according as it suits their purpose. They devote no earnest thought to their work, and they possess neither judgment nor discrimination. University and Army men amuse themselves by getting up theatricals; in very few cases have they any artistic feeling in the matter, but they rattle through their parts in an airy, superficial manner, which is not wonderful when their social training and superior education are remembered; their friends flatter them and they immediately fancy themselves actors. These, when they leave college or sell out, if they feel disinclined for hard work, "go in" for art—take to the stage under the belief that they can act, and that it will be a nice easy life in which they can do as they please. Some take to management, and some, generally those with private incomes and family pride, become art-patrons. The would-be actors never attend to their business, live idle and vicious lives till they have squandered their ready money, and then they have to *work hard* in a profession for which they discover they have no real qualifications. The would-be managers have neither experience nor artistic feeling, but have to intrust their work to others; and are, in consequence, very soon "spotted" and surrounded by a lower set of "dabblers." I mean those unscrupulous harpies who disgrace the title of "dramatic agent." The art-patrons are frequently patrons of the artistes, or rather *would-be* artistes, in the shape of silly ballet-girls, who wish to be rich or to manage a theatre.

The unscrupulous people who are employed by these amateur managers will engage anybody who has a good figure and plenty of impudence; consequently, an excellent opportunity is afforded for those unfortunate slaves of vice who ride to the stage door in their own brighams, strut on to the stage in an undress, ogle the men in the stalls, advertise themselves, and endeavour to maintain a sham respectability under the title of actress, in order to avoid the disagreeable name to which by right they are entitled. Many of these disgraceful creatures would willingly simper on to the stage decorated with a moderate-sized scallop-shell and a yard of muslin. They are wretched beings, unworthy of the name of women; but who, alas! too often have to lay the cause of their reckless despair and degradation to the door of some vile and unscrupulous man. It is monstrous that these degraded beings, inoculated with every feeling that is opposed to the sublimity of art, should be allowed to walk upon the same stage that is consecrated to literature and music, and to expose themselves in a temple dedicated to all that is elevating; devoted to the purpose of encouraging healthy amusement, and providing a wholesome entertainment composed of all that is pleasant to the eye and the ear and edifying to the mind. It is abominable that insolent hussies should be allowed to kick up their heels and offend all decency; and incompetent amateurs be permitted to display their imbecility and indecent vulgarity on the same stage that should be associated with all that is imposing in tragedy, witty and amusing in comedy, and graceful and pleasing in bouffe and ballet.

While we do not believe in any claptrap system of legislation that makes a fuss about trifles and interferes with liberty, we do strongly advocate an absolute legal power that shall instantly prevent all *license* of this sort, for *license* is a thing which can never be admissible in true art.

In any practical profession nobody would be allowed to practise without giving proof of ability and qualification to do so. Why should artistes be pestered by a host of incompetent, licentious beings, who thrust themselves into the profession

just for the purpose of turning it to their own base purposes? Why should earnest and hardworking artistes be liable to be trapped into the hands of some unscrupulous manager, who has neither money nor experience, who associates them with a host of low women, giving them wretched weak parts, mixes them up with all kinds of disagreeables, and, perhaps, finally leaves them without a "treasury"—this last catastrophe probably occurring in some provincial town, where the poor deluded artistes have to pawn all they possess to pay their way towards seeking other engagements? An artiste must live; he cannot be particular as to who is his manager, or what imbecility he may be called upon to play. A lady artiste must be content though she have to go on and speak some wretched lines between indecent dances and antics performed by loose women, whom she knows are not professionals, nor ever likely to be; the only thing she can do is to maintain her own self-respect and bear all in silence. The public have neither charity nor discrimination; they make no distinction between one or the other. They come to be amused, but they reserve to themselves the right to vilify indiscriminately all the earnest-working and often high-souled beings who love the art they live by, and do their best to please the public and elevate their own artistic position. Every honest, unbiassed man or woman who really knows anything of the theatrical profession, or who knows the nature of true artistes, knows perfectly well that no real artiste, lady or gentleman, would ever do anything low or indecent upon the stage. An artiste, as an artiste, *could not* do so. The very nature of art is opposed to all that is degrading. Again, no properly-trained and respectable ballet-girl would ever do anything low or improper. Some silly girls, tempted by wealth and luxury, permit themselves to be led astray, and more's the pity; but it will always pay a manager better in the long run to keep the corps de ballet select and pay them well; for these girls become reckless and idle, and neglect their business, spending all their time on their dresses and admirers, instead of attending to their numerous and arduous duties. I have been told by an old playgoer that Charles Kean was always very wise in this respect. The ballet-girls as a tribe are vilely and unjustly abused; they are, in the main, thoroughly virtuous and very intelligent girls. The great fault of a ballet-girl is her inordinate passion for dress, and this is what very frequently leads to their ruin. We know of some who evidently spend almost all they earn in dress, and walk about to show themselves off; this is folly, not sin, and many ladies of society are worse in this respect. In the face of all the claptrap moralists and petty champions of stage morality, we maintain that in a ballet-girl's occupation there is nothing whatever lowering in any way. Anybody who knows what are the principles of true dancing knows that perfect *grace* and *refinement* are the inherent motives of a real ballet. In a ballet-lady's dress there is nothing the least suggestive, save to the low mind; it is not a dress to wear off the stage, nor is a lady's ball dress a costume to be worn at all times. But some people can never look upon the figure of a beautiful woman without making low remarks, instead of looking upon it, as do all hearty and refined natures, as an emblem of all that is graceful, tender, and refined. Great intelligence, personal cleanliness and elegance, an ear for music and a correct idea of time, are all requisite to form a really useful ballet lady. Of course, the introduction of those miserable can-can quadrilles is quite a different affair. No man with a grain of sense would ever call the can-can a dance: it is wild motion without method or grace, and really requires little inspiration from music: it is a dance which has sprung from the lowest haunts of Paris, and is merely an example of the frantic motions of wild revellers, mad with drink and unholy excitement. But even that miserable dance (which should never have been dragged upon the stage) when executed by real and respectable ballet ladies is perfectly harmless, though we can never say it is graceful. We think all real and earnest writers and true friends of the stage should endeavour to find some means to prevent real, struggling artistes from becoming the victims of incompetent speculators and unscrupulous agents. Think of the struggling provincial actress, longing to appear in London, that she may really try to gain a firm position in her profession. She is prepared to work—oh! how hard—to do everything in her power to please the public and the manager, and to be successful in her line of art. She seizes with avidity the first chance that presents itself (the chances are so few), only to find herself thrust among a host of people who astonish and disgust her, and to find a few real artists amid a mass of impudence and incompetence. She is cast, perhaps, for some part out of her line, or, at any rate, utterly weak and unworthy of her; she has to work just as hard for good part or poor part. The work is all the same; she gets no satisfaction, no opportunity—perhaps hasn't a good line to speak, not a situation, nor even a point. She feels herself surrounded by circumstances that only pull her down instead of raising her up, and then at last, perhaps, she has, among other disagreeables, to sustain an unbargained-for part in a public court as a witness in some law proceedings taken by her incompetent manager against those who have found out and condemned his doubtful mode of conducting the theatre. A comedian finds himself cast for a poor part, and his wife is obliged to dance with a host of women who are no dancers at all. And the artistes can't help it; they must make the best of it: if they protested, they would be turned out of employment. An actor in a theatre, unless he be a great star, is utterly powerless; the manager's power is unlimited. An actor doesn't even protest against the unruly conduct of a low portion of the audience without permission. But it must not be supposed that a real actor or actress, however humble the position they might hold (even to the professional ballet lady), would ever do anything indecent, even at the desire of an unscrupulous manager. No, they would cancel their engagements first. When the political caricatures were introduced at the Court Theatre people remarked that they wondered artistes could give themselves up to such bad taste. The actors couldn't help it (the pretentious author sneaked off under a pseudonym). It was considered a good opportunity for him (perhaps it originated with the actors themselves), and it was not to be supposed that an actor should throw up his engagement rather than not do anything in *bad taste* from an artistic point of view. Bad taste and indecency are two very different things. "Society" fancies "stars" may be superior people, and both artistes and ballet-girls it condemns as a bad lot. The innate immorality of conventional society prevents its exercising charitable discrimination. Well, one is not surprised at society being *uncharitable*; society always is. "People in society" always look after everybody's morals but their own; it is not to be supposed that they will be kinder to a body of people who are separated from them by nature, disposition, and occupation. But it is surprising that some writers on theatrical matters should exhibit bigotry and want of discrimination. I am afraid many critics write without *thinking out* their subject, as many novelists and dramatists attempt to draw characters without *thinking out* human nature. We read a host of tirades against short skirts and dramatic costumes which are entirely beside the question. The exigencies of dramatic art require costumes that could not be worn off the stage. Worn by artistes, however humble, these costumes are always refined. Any rightminded woman knows how to wear

properly any costume; but you can never make a loose and reckless woman behave decently by putting her into long clothes. Any costume that was not decent would not be artistic. The art of dress is refinement. Because loose women have been allowed to advertise themselves and to draw silly youths to the stalls by appearing upon the stage and indulging in rude antics, ballets, ballet-girls, and dancing have been written down as unworthy of a place upon the stage. Again, because bad, weak specimens of so-called bouffes have been played by incompetent amateurs, some writers have actually commenced to write down opéra-bouffe. This is a most fatal policy; there must be light entertainment upon the stage; it is necessary and wholesome, and everything should be done to perfect it. The higher forms of art cannot exist without the lower; we work from simple to complex; good bouffe acting is as necessary in its way as good tragedy and comedy acting; and music and dancing are indispensable on the stage. All art is art, though there be degrees in it, as in everything else; but it is foolish and suicidal, when a thing is *abused*, to immediately denounce it as vile in itself. Tragedy may be abused, comedy may be abused; each of these could be made as indecent as a bad bouffe; it is as easy to talk and act indecently as to dance indecently. If a good light entertainment be not provided for those who do not care to undergo the mental strain of watching a tragedy or natural comedy, they will be ready to snatch at and encourage any buffoonery that may be thrust before them, and there is but one step from buffoonery to indecency. Buffoonery is not art; and where there is no art there is no safeguard against vulgarity. If people would only have faith (but this is a sceptical *blasé* age) they would soon learn that where there is *true art* there is all that is noble and elevating, sound and healthy; for art deals only in what is true, hearty, and lovable, or witty, graceful, and beautiful. Where there is true art there can be no immorality; and true, earnest artistes can never be immoral beings, if they be true to their own nature. Their morality may not be of the conventional order, but those who are occupied in all that is elevating and inspiring, who are never *idle* (though they are often terribly *lazy*), whose minds are active and highly developed, whose hearts are warm, whose impulses are natural, and whose natures are not cramped by narrow bounds or hard conventions—these, I say, can never be guilty of what is *low* or *mean* or *degrading* if they be *true to their higher nature*. To some this paper may read as a long rhapsody of exaggerated enthusiasm. I write feelingly, and feeling nowadays is scoffed at; but I also write truthfully, and I challenge any man or woman who really knows what art is to its true disciples to produce a single instance of a real earnest actor or actress, however humble their position, or a professional ballet lady or pantomimist, indulging in wanton indecency or lowness upon the stage. I shall add in conclusion that I think the time has arrived, now that the stage is rising to a higher artistic level, for all artistes and lovers of art to stand up boldly for the *dignity of the profession*, and protect it against the blind assertions of those incompetent writers and scandal-loving talkers who are incapable of discriminating between real earnest artistes and mere "Dabblers in Art." F. A. L.

POLICE.

THE GREAT BETTING FRAUD.

At the Clerkenwell Police Court, on Saturday, Henry Walters, Edward Murray, and Septimus Stedman were charged on remand with assaulting Daniel Portch, provision-dealer, and Mr. Berkley. The defendants were further charged with stealing some papers from Portch, and with conspiracy in connection with the General Society for Assurance against Losses on the Turf. Mr. Besley appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Straight for the defendant Murray; Mr. L. Lewis for one of the defendants; Mr. Tripp watched the case for a person named in the warrant who did not appear; and Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Montagu Williams for the defendant Stedman.

The facts that have already been published disclosed that in connection with the above society large sums of money have been received from France, Germany, and Russia, which had been sent to the defendant Walters, who was known to the police under the aliases of Sidney Montague and William Osborne. It will be further recollected that Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the Continental Daily Express Agency, was summoned by Mr. Sydney Montague, at the Mansion House, for detaining money which had been addressed to him from the countries above named. Those parcels were detained by order of the Ambassadors of the different countries; and since then more than forty parcels, containing money and registered as being of the value of over £3000, had been received by Mr. Smith, but these are still retained. It is hardly necessary to say that, though "Mr. Osborne" took out the summonses and paid for the process of the court, he did not attend to prosecute his claim. The case of conspiracy is being prosecuted by Chief Inspector Clarke and Inspectors Shore and Sayer, of Scotland-yard, and the main charge is that of obtaining money from all parts of the world by false and fraudulent pretences.

Mr. H. C. Berkley, of 4, Hopgood-street, Shepherd's-bush, said he made bets on commission. On Feb. 8 he went with Manning and Portch to the Cock at Highbury, and there saw Murray and Stedman. From there they went to a house in the Holloway-road. They went into a counting-house, up some nine steps or so into a room. Walters and Kerr were there. Mr. Berkley then gave details of the assault, which have already been published. Cross-examined by Mr. Straight: He did bet on commission. He ceased betting when he was knocked out of Tattersall's more than two years ago. He never heard that he had been complained of for difficulties on any racecourse. He was never put into the Thames at Windsor. He was a defaulter for about £800 at Tattersall's, and that amount extended over about three weeks. He was still a member of Tattersall's, and could walk into the subscription-room and stop as long as he pleased. In July last he may have expected the brokers in his house. The letters that were stolen from him were written at the suggestion of Walters.

The witness was then cross-examined by Mr. Montagu Williams, and Mr. Cooke adjourned the case for a week.

At TATTERSALL'S, on Monday, Child of the Islands, described in the catalogue as "a bay Arabian of the highest caste," was sold for 68 gs.

HEDESGORD.—Brother to Red Nob (aged), a brown gelding (6 yrs), and a bay mare by Knight of Kars (4 yrs), have arrived at Palmer's stable to be trained. The Petra filly (3 yrs), trained by Saunders, has met with a serious accident by falling over some wire-fencing on the Cockpit.

WORKS IN A COLLEY.—"Rhisolus, Bala, North Wales, Sept. 21, 1874.—I gave 'Naldire's Powder' to a colley on Saturday last, and in ten minutes he evacuated a Tapeworm 30 yards 2 feet in length. I consider the powder effectual.—R. Price." Naldire's Powders are sold in packets, price 2s. 3s. 6d., 5s., by all Chemists, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon street, London.—[Adv't.]

THE LATE MR. J. GERARD LEIGH.

The funeral of this gentleman was solemnised on Tuesday at noon, when his remains were interred in the family vault, wherein those of his father and elder brother rest, at the church of Walton-on-the-Hill, near Liverpool. A considerable number of friends and dependants attended. The body was brought to the Rectory on Monday from the mansion in Piccadilly, and rested there for the night. Most of the mourners arrived the same evening. The funeral was conducted without unnecessary parade. The body was borne from the Rectory, followed by the chief mourners, Mr. Henry Leigh and Messrs. Gerard and Blundell Leigh, the brother and nephews of the deceased; the Rev. Richard Leigh, Rector of Walton-on-the-Hill, uncle; and Messrs. Richard and James Gerard Leigh, cousins of the lamented deceased; Mr. Dudley Ward, Colonel Keith Fraser, Mr. George Forbes, Captain Thoreton, Colonel Blundell, Mr. Whittley, his Liverpool agent; Messrs. Baker, J. Fleck, Budd, and Ward, the deceased's land steward, house steward, head gardener, and huntsman; and others from Luton Hoo, his Bedfordshire property. His widow, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. George Forbes, occupied a seat in the church during the whole of the mournful proceedings. After the coffin, which was of polished oak, had been lowered to its last resting place, several wreaths and immortelles of fresh white camellias and violets, tokens of affectionate love and regard, were deposited on the lid. The Rev. Dr. Hornby performed

the funeral service. The subjoined is supplied through an authentic channel:—The late Mr. John Gerard Leigh was born in the year 1821, and was educated at Eton, and at St. John's College, Oxford. He was descended from an old Lancashire family, seated at Upton in that county, which they have uninterruptedly held since the reign of Henry VII. In later years the estate of Grange Hall, Cheshire, also came into their possession. Mr. Gerard Leigh's grandfather had the shrewdness to anticipate the growing prosperity and importance of the port and town of Liverpool, and secured large tracts of land along the eastern bank of the Mersey, which soon proved an enormous acquisition to his wealth and to the territorial interests of the family. It has been erroneously stated that Mr. Gerard Leigh was largely interested in the brewery firm of Alsopp and Co.; but that is a mistake, he never was in any way connected with that great brewery. He had exclusively devoted himself to the life of a country gentleman, and in more recent times, possessed of a princely revenue, to the munificent discharge of his duties as the master of the Hertfordshire Hunt. In the last capacity he was warmly esteemed by a wide circle of friends and dependants. His career as a sportsman is too well known to need further remark. An accident sustained some three years ago in the hunting-field is the supposed origin of his fatal disease. In spite of failing health, he persisted in an unstinted discharge of his favourite duties in the field, and it is feared that he thus surely fostered its development. Twelve

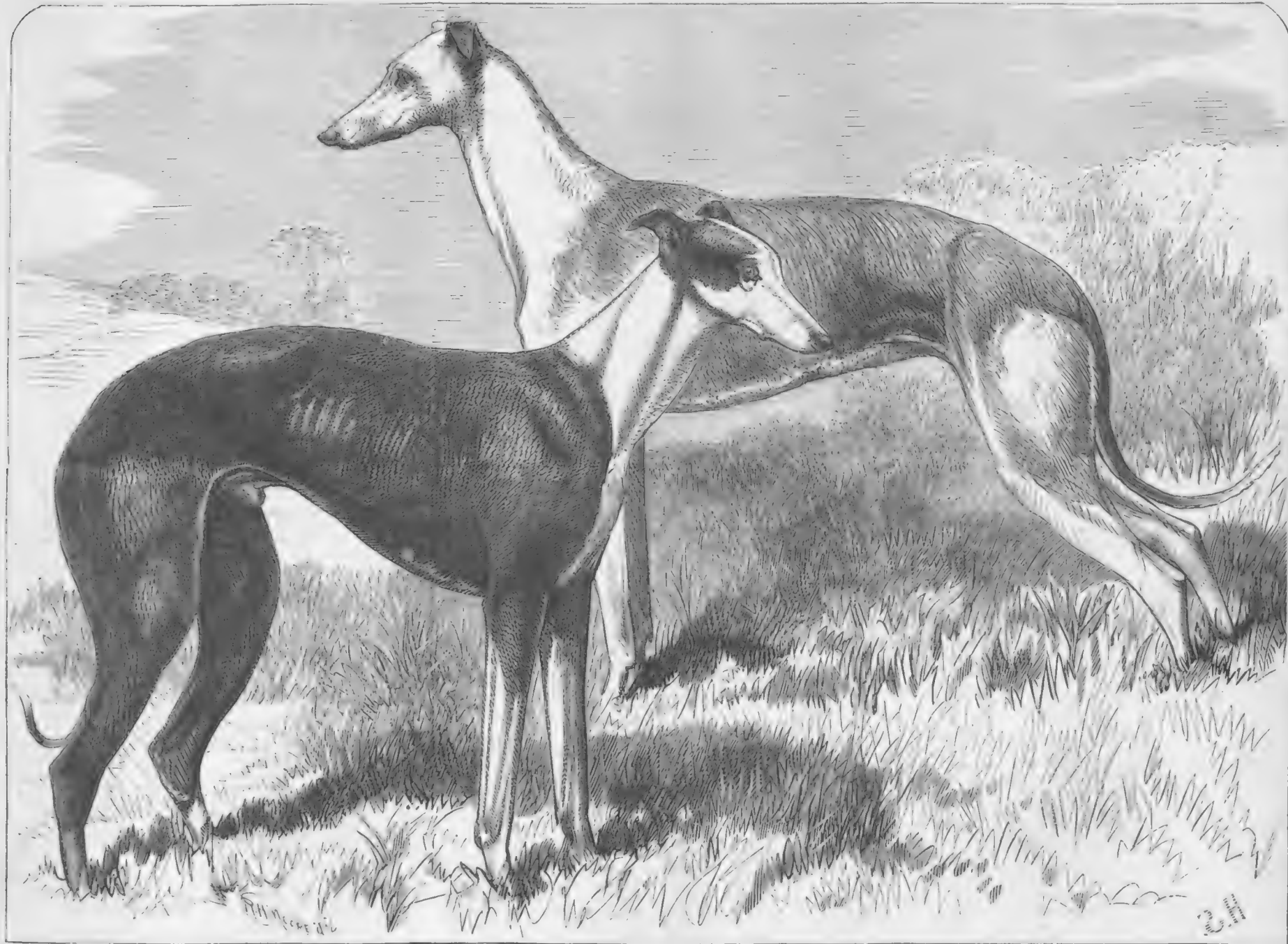
months subsequently to that event suspicions were entertained that his symptoms were due to some permanent internal organic cause; but the real nature of his malady only revealed itself unmistakably a year ago, when his chest distress was found to be due to an aneurism of the large artery emerging from the heart. The subsequent history of his sufferings, borne with a marvellous fortitude, and their sad termination, leave no doubt as to the accuracy of that opinion. The fittest appliances of the medical art and the last resources of professional aid were freely applied and exhausted in his relief, and no doubt his life was thus prolonged for some months.

STUD NEWS.

Easton Park Stud Farm, Wickham Market, Suffolk.—Feb. 23, a chestnut horse Fashionable, by Fitz-Gladiator out of Styria, by Stockwell, arrived here on Saturday last.

At Sheffield-lane Paddocks, Sheffield, on Feb. 20, Mr. Johnstone's Bell Heather, a chestnut colt by Tynedale, and will be put to Pretender. Arrived to Adventurer: Mr. Houldsworth's Miss Marion and Lady Diny.

Duncombe Park.—Feb. 19, brown mare by Nottingham out of Rama's dam, a chestnut filly by Cape Flyaway, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Cape Flyaway: Too!-Too! (dam of Pompadour), in foal to Cape Flyaway; Canzonette, with a filly by Cape Flyaway, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Loiterer: Cordelia (dam of Thunderbolt).



'BRIGADIER' AND 'HEBE,' SIRE AND DAM OF 'HONEYMOON,' THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP.

Chilton Stud Farm.—Feb. 17, Algeria, by the Flying Dutchman, a chestnut filly by Wild Moor, and will be put to him again. Feb. 23, Queen Esther, a bay filly by Brother to Strafford, and will be put to Atherstone. The following mares will be put to Wild Moor: Rose of Athol, Retty, Cockchafer, Alcyone, Beechnut, Cat-paw, Spring Blossom, and Kate Mellon. The following have arrived to Atherstone: Kennett (h b) and Proserpine.

Finstall Park Farm, Bromsgrove.—On Feb. 19, Mr. H. Adkins's brown mare by Tim Whiffler out of Honey Dear, barren, arrived, to be put to Paul Jones. Feb. 13, Mr. Thomas Wadlow's Jeannie Deans, a bay filly by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again. Feb. 19, General Peel's Sister to Strafford, a bay or brown colt by Victorius, and will be put to Cardinal York. Feb. 20, Mr. W. E. Everett's Miss Lizzie, a bay colt by Palmer, and will be put to Paul Jones.

Hurstbourne Park, Whitechurch, Hants.—March 1, arrived to Albert Victor: Mr. Williamson's Lulu, maiden; Mr. A. Young's Merrythought, in foal; Hedge Rose, in foal; Touch Not, barren; Sir Richard Sutton's mare by Lord Lyon, in foal; and his mare by Elland, maiden. Arrived to Lord Lyon: Mr. T. Stevens's Ethelinda, in foal; Sir Richard Sutton's Lady Bothwell, maiden; Becky Sharpe, a bay colt by Scottish Chief, and will be put to Albert Victor.

At Kentford House, near Newmarket, on Feb. 27, Mr. Balchin's Ma Vie, a colt foal by Westminster, and will be put to him again.

At the Glasgow Stud Farm, Enfield, on Feb. 17, Enfield's dam, a bay filly by Blinkhoolie, and will be put to Brother to

Strafford; on Feb. 22, the Glasgow Stud's Farewell dropped dead in paddock, in foal to St. Albans. Arrived to Toxophilite: Lord Portsmouth's Birette, and Mr. Taylor's Hetty, in foal to St. Albans.

At the Stud Farm, Croome, on Feb. 23, Lord Coventry's La Maudite, a chestnut filly by Umpire, and will be put to him again.

At the Mentmore Stud, on Feb. 22, Mr. Crowther Harrison's Dark Blue, a brown or black filly by Rosicrucian, and will be put to Favonius; Mr. Howland's Freestone, a bay filly by Restitution, and will be put to him again; on Feb. 23, the Mentmore Stud's Mahonia, a bay colt by Favonius, and will be put to him again; on Feb. 25, Mr. James Davidson's Tuberoze, a bay filly by Favonius, and will be put to him again. The following mares have arrived:—To King Tom: Baron G. de Rothschild's Sally Sutton. To Favonius: Mr. W. S. Crawford's Wild Myrtle, Mr. T. Lant's Wild Thyme and Sister to Elegance, and Baron G. de Rothschild's Ville Franchi. To Restitution: Mr. T. Lant's Blackbird, and mare by Flatterer.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham.—Feb. 26, Mr. W. S. Sterling Crawford's Polynesia, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again; Feb. 27, the Stud Company's Albatross, a colt by Marsyas, and will be put to Chattanooga; March 1, Mr. J. Dawson's Seythian Princess, a colt by King o' Scots, and will be put to Blair Athol. Arrived to Wild Oats: March 1, Mr. Willmer's Agile.

At Baumber Park, March 3, Irina, a brown filly by Suffolk. Arrived to Merry Sunshine: Mr. Clarke's filly, by Hermit out

of Ratchester's Daughter: Mr. Whitton's Seaford. M. Sunshine is now the only Thormanby horse at the Stud in England.

At Woodlands Stud, near Knitsley, Helia by Phlegon, a chestnut colt by Macgregor, and will be put to Idus. Leprosy by Mildew, a chestnut filly by Stentor, and will be put to Macgregor. Mr. A. Duncombe Shafto's Minna by Buccaneer, a chestnut filly by Palmer, and will be put to Stentor. Maggie (dam of Number Nip, Activity, Marion, &c.), a bay colt by Stentor, and will be put to Macgregor. St. Etheldreda by Dundee, a bay filly by Stentor, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Macgregor: Mr. G. Heslop's Bonny Blink (dam of Hawthornden, winner of the St. Leger, &c.); Mr. F. Baily's Regentess by St. Albans; Lady Holberson (dam of Jack Spigot), in foal to Argyle. Bonny Blink is in foal to Lord Clifden. July (dam of Vale, Royal Harmony, &c.), in foal to Macgregor. Isabel by Hobbie Noble, in foal to Stentor: (this mare is the dam of St. Vincent). Arrived to Stentor: Mr. J. G. Grey's Rosemary (sister to Ryshworth) maiden; Major Monk's Beauty, in foal to Stentor; Arabella by Fandango out of Lecturer's dam, in foal to Stentor; and Mr. Allhusen's mare (expected daily), Emerald (dam of Snowdrop by Carlton). Arrived to Idus: Mr. Geo. Heslop's Nebula by Longbow, in foal to Macgregor; Mr. Featherstone's mare, and Captain Smith's mare; Lady Graham, in foal to Macgregor; Vishnu (Infidel's dam), in foal to Adventurer. Arrived to Hesper: Maid of Sparta, in foal to Hesper; Lady Lyon, in foal to Macgregor; Club Queen, in foal to Adventurer.

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ENGLISH ACTORS IN AMERICA.

THE New York correspondent, writing on the 17th of last month, says:—

Mdlle. Albani sails for Liverpool to-day, leaving her engagement with the Strakosch brothers but two-thirds fulfilled. Poor little lady! she has had a bitter experience in the United States. She came at a time of deep financial depression, when half the town was really poor, and the other half, not knowing how soon its precarious fortunes might vanish, was suffering a spasm of parsimony. Public amusements are always the first enterprises to be affected by a prostration of business; and the opera season, up to the time of Mdlle. Albani's arrival in New York, had been a very dull one. She put a new face upon it. Everybody was charmed with her. The Academy of Music was crowded whenever she sang, and when she finally added to her repertory the rôle of 'Elsa,' in *Lohengrin*, she seemed to be fairly established as a New York favourite. But when the company left this city and began the usual tour through New England and the West, the state of things was changed. Mdlle. Albani was not appreciated among the less cultivated cities of the interior. Artists far below her in every way carried off most of the honours. After long journeys through the frightful cold of this unexampled winter, the travellers were greeted with half-empty houses and frigid audiences. The manager lost money with appalling rapidity. Nothing succeeded except *Lohengrin* (which has gone like wildfire all over the country); and, as for that, Mr. Strakosch discovered that with Mdlle. Helbron as the heroine instead of Mdlle. Albani it drew just as well, and came a great deal cheaper. So, after a telegraphic correspondence with Mr. Gye, the contract with that gentleman for the use of Mdlle. Albani's services was cancelled by mutual consent; and, to the great regret of New York, the young lady goes back to England. At the latest advices the rest of the opera company was in Cincinnati, playing a cheap *Lohengrin* with an orchestra of thirty performers, to the great distress and bewilderment of the Ohio critics, whose essays on the music of Wagner are funny beyond all telling. In a few weeks Strakosch comes back to New York and offers opera for the masses at a low price. This experiment with Italian opera has often been tried by other managers, and has always failed; but there is a large class of lovers of music who have been excluded from the Academy of Music by the high charges that have ruled ever since Nilsson made her first visit to America, and it may be worth while now to bid for their support. Miss Kellogg, who has been managing a fair company of English singers during the past two winters, has steadily prospered. She has just closed a brief season at the New York Academy, presenting not the genuine English opera, but a succession of such familiar Italian works as the *Trocatore* and *Ernani* translated into English, and she has generally had large audiences. The only notable event of her season was the production of Balfe's *Talisman* in English (with the recitatives). Miss Kellogg took the part of Edith Plantagenet, Miss Beaumont was the Berengaria, Mr. Joseph Maas the Kenneth, and Mr. Carleton the Richard—all English singers except the prima donna. This was certainly not a very strong cast; the *mise en scene* was only fair; the orchestra was little better than a skeleton; and perhaps it is not a matter of surprise that the opera made but a slight impression. The critics speak ill of it, almost without an exception.

Early last summer, just after the theatres and concert-rooms had closed, and everyone who could leave town had rushed to the mountains or the seashore, an English family of ten persons, all dependent upon the musical talents of one of its members, arrived in New York with the expectation of making a fortune immediately. They were the victims of a common delusion which seems to have spread all over Europe since Nilsson and Rubinstein grew rich by a single American tour. Artists of all sorts imagine that a triumph awaits them whenever they choose to cross the ocean, forgetting that America has some pretty good performers of her own, and that American audiences are not only very much like audiences elsewhere, but are composed in great part of people who have travelled much abroad and heard all the greatest artists of the world. It was pitiful to see the disappointment of the English family I have mentioned when they learned that in summer New York is a desert, and they must wait four months before their prodigy could even get a hearing. The four months have stretched to eight or nine, and I believe the whole family has not earned ten dollars. The poor little rushlight which they thought was to illumine the new world has flickered and spluttered bravely during this hard winter; but nobody has noticed it, and now the question is with the disheartened adventurers, "How shall we ever get home again?" I know of a musical conductor of modest local reputation in an English provincial town who proposed to come over here some time ago with his entire orchestra. Some kind Providence defeated the crazy scheme; but he probably does not realise to this day that there is plenty of orchestral music here, and there would have been no novelty in his performance.

I am glad to say, however, that many of the English artists now in America are doing extremely well. The latest conspicuous success is the production of *Henry V.* at Booth's Theatre by Mr. Charles Calvert, of Manchester. The dresses and properties are the same which Mr. Calvert used in the revival of the play at his own theatre; the scenery is magnificent; and the 400 actors and auxiliaries employed in the representation were instructed

by Mr. Calvert in person, who spent two weeks here for the purpose of superintending the production of the spectacle. It is probably the finest pageant ever placed on an American stage. The popular applause, however, is not confined to the spectacle; it is bestowed without stint upon two English actors who came here for the purpose of taking part in it—namely, Mr. George Rignold, of Manchester, who plays 'Henry,' and Mr. Thorn, of Liverpool, who has delighted the town with a new sensation in the part of 'Fluellen.' As for Mr. Rignold, I would not depreciate his high dramatic ability, and I should be sorry to have you think that it is not fully appreciated, for it is; but there can be no doubt that a great deal of his growing popularity is attributable to his personal appearance and his charming voice. There is Mr. H. J. Montague also—another Englishman—who is playing at Wallack's Theatre. If I should say that his face and his voice have made him the pet of the petticoats perhaps he would not like it; but it is a fact that with the ladies he is the most popular light comedian now on the New York boards. Mr. Boucicault has held the stage of Wallack's for nearly one hundred nights with his romantic Irish drama of *The Shaughraun*, in which he, Mr. Montague, Miss Ada Dyas, and Mr. Harry Beckett—all English—have prominent parts, and there is no sign yet that it will ever cease to draw. All the desirable places are engaged a week or ten days in advance. It is one of Mr. Boucicault's very best works, and in point of construction a veritable model. Its dialogue sparkles; it is brimful of fun; its situations are exciting; it is admirably acted; and it is carefully mounted, with all the attention to detail, fine taste, and richness of scenery for which Wallack's Theatre is distinguished. With the exception of *Henry V.*, only two other plays this season have had a marked success in New York, and those are *The Two Orphans*, still running at the Union-square Theatre, and Mark Twain's drama of *The Gilded Age*, which owed a long run entirely to the acting of Mr. John T. Raymond, who created in the part of 'Colonel Sellers' a typical American character. Theatrical managers generally have been losing money; and one of the leading establishments, after reducing salaries, is on the verge of bankruptcy. Poor Mr. Fechter, after countless misfortunes, is laid up at the West with a broken leg. Miss Neilson has been very ill, but is now playing again, and will soon return to New York. Mrs. Rousby remained five weeks at the Lyceum Theatre in this city, winning great favour in *Twice Told Tales* and *Crown*, yet hardly creating such a marked sensation as her managers apparently expected. She, too, has been unwell, interrupting her performances for several nights, and once fainting on the stage. Miss Soldene was only moderately successful in New York, where English opera-bouffe is not in favour. The genuine French article, however, flourishes, and *Girofle-Girofla* is now in the full tide of prosperity at the Park Theatre.

Mr. Toole has made a long journey East and West, and returned to New York last Monday, succeeding Mrs. Rousby at the Lyceum after a melancholy interregnum of Miss Leclercq. He showed us then for the first time his imitable 'Artful Dodger' and 'John Grumly,' and I need not say that he kept the house in high good humour. Americans have been rather slow to appreciate some of his best characters, because they are not familiar with the types from which they are taken; but he has grown steadily in the popular favour, and the more he plays for us the more cordially is he received. All through the West, I understand, he has been remarkably successful.—[The friends of Mr. Toole will be glad to hear this.]

THE SOLDENE TROUPE drew steadily-increasing houses during their last week at the Globe Theatre, Boston, and, had they stayed another week, would have done better than ever. The public had just begun to find out that there was a number of pretty women in the company, and that they wore very long stockings, and dressed elegantly, as far as it went.—*Spirit of the Times.*

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will and codicil, dated Aug. 12, 1850, and June 11, 1859, of the Right Hon. George John, Baron Sondes, late of Lees Court, Kent, and of No. 32, Grosvenor-square, who died, on Dec. 17 last at Elmham Hall, Norfolk, were proved on the 18th ult. by his widow and eldest son, the surviving executors, the personal estate being sworn under £80,000. The testator gives to his son, the Hon. Lewis Watson Milles, the land tax of the parish of Great Gidding, Huntingdonshire, an annuity of £200 charged on his real estate, and a pecuniary legacy of £500; to each of his five other younger children he also gives legacies of £500; and to his widow, Lady Eleanor Sondes, he leaves his leasehold house, No. 32, Grosvenor-square, with the residue of his personal estate. All his real estate he devises to his son, the Rev. George Watson Milles, now Lord Sondes. The remaining part of a sum of £20,000, which he has

power to appoint under the will of his father, he appoints by the codicil to such of his younger children as have not had their share.

The will, with one codicil, dated respectively Jan. 25, 1860, and Jan. 26, 1868, of the Right Hon. Lady Emily Frances Macnaghten, late of Bittern Manor House, near Southampton, who died on June 6 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by her husband, Mr. Steuart Macnaghten, the personal estate being sworn under £12,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to her brother, the Earl of Antrim, for life, and at his death to his daughter, Mabel Macdonnell; certain Indian Stock to her husband for life, and on his decease to her sister-in-law, Barbara Maria Torrens; and some specific legacies. The residue she gives to her husband.

The will (with six codicils) of the late Mr. John Hargreaves, of Silwood Park, Berks, has been proved—the personal property being sworn under £600,000. The testator appoints his eldest son, Mr. John Dennison Hargreaves, Mr. John Hicks, M.P., the Rev. J. Shepherd Birley, of Bolton, Mr. Adolphus Frederick Govett, stockbroker, and his widow, executors; and he gives to each executor (except his wife and son) and to his solicitor, Mr. Edward Frederick Burton, legacies of £500 each. He gives to his wife his horses and carriages, and the use of his pictures, statues, plate, and furniture, and an immediate legacy of £1000; and directs the establishment at Silwood Park to be kept up for her for three months from his death. At her death the plate, pictures, statues, and furniture are to go to his eldest son. He gives to his wife an annuity of £3000 a year; to his daughters, Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Hare, and Mrs. Ormerod, he gives £25,000 each; and to Mr. Hook £36,500, to be held upon trust for them, in addition to the settlements made on their marriages. The testator gives to his eldest son a legacy of £10,000 and to his two younger sons £10,000 each on the youngest attaining twenty-five; and he gives the residue of his real and personal property among his three sons—viz., four tenths to Mr. John Dennison Hargreaves, three tenths to Mr. Charles Reginald Hargreaves, and three tenths to Mr. Ernest Hargreaves.

The will, dated May 12, 1873, of Mr. William Tarn, draper, of Newington-causeway, and of Homewood, Chislehurst, who died on Jan. 22 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by William Tarn, the son, and David Law, John Scott, and Thomas Burrowes, the acting executors, the personal estate being sworn under £500,000. The testator bequeaths to Messrs. Law, Scott, and Burrowes £500 each, free of duty, for their trouble as executors, and annuities and legacies to some of his relatives, servants, and others. As to the whole residue of his property, he leaves one third to his son William, one third upon trust for his son John, and one third upon trust for his grandson, Robert William Mitchell, the son of his late daughter, Lois Ann Mitchell.

(From the Illustrated London News, March 6, 1875.)

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7. FAIRING, brown gelding, aged; up to weight and fast.
8. LADY OF THE LAKE, bay mare, 7 years old, by Lord of the Isles out of Vinegar Hill; very fast, qualified for hunters' races. Certificate lodged at Messrs. Weatherby's.
9. HEATHEN CHINEE, brown gelding, 6 years old, by Cardsharper; quiet in harness.
10. CZAR, brown gelding, aged; up to weight and quiet in harness.

All the above horses are very bold and clever, and are only sold on account of owner's leave having expired.

MR. OFFIN'S HOUNDS.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from Mr. Offin to SELL by AUCTION, early in MAY (unless previously disposed of by private contract), his PACK of FOXHOUNDS and HORSES. For price and particulars apply to Messrs. TATTERSALL, Albert Gate, Hyde Park, W.

THE CHESHIRE HUNT HORSES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from H. Reginald Corbett, Esq., the Master, to SELL by AUCTION, without reserve, as usual, on SATURDAY, MAY 8 (the Saturday of the Chester Race week), at the KENNELS, his entire Stud of valuable YOUNG HORSES, many of them up to weight, which have been ridden through the season by the Master, Huntsman, and Whips, and many of them have carried a lady.

Full particulars will appear in due time.

THE EAST SUSSEX (MR. C. A. EGERTON'S) FOXHOUNDS.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from C. A. Egerton, Esq., to SELL by AUCTION, early in APRIL, unless previously disposed of by private contract, his PACK of FOXHOUNDS, consisting of about 30 Couples of Working Hounds and 10 Couples of Unentered Hounds. They are a well-bred lot of Hounds, good workers. Sold in consequence of Mr. Egerton's giving up the East Sussex and taking the Rufford, where the hounds belong to the country.

For further particulars, price, &c., apply to Messrs. TATTERSALL.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from H. Villebois, Esq., to SELL by AUCTION at the End of the Season, unless previously disposed of by private contract, his PACK of FOXHOUNDS.

For price and particulars apply to Messrs. TATTERSALL, Albert Gate, Hyde Park, W.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will SELL by AUCTION, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, MARCH 15, the following HORSES, well known with the North and South Warwickshire Hounds, the property of J. F. Liebert, Esq., who is unable to hunt again this season, having met with an accident:—

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 2. DECEIT.
 3. VAN JOHN, quiet in single and double harness.
 4. BANKER.
 5. LADY GODIVA.
- Also the following Stallions.
6. THE LEOPARD, by Sundeeah out of Madame Clequot.
 7. ADONIS.
 8. VENUS.

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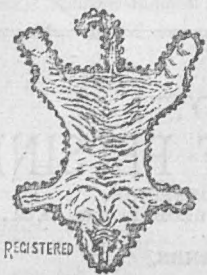
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